

ML  
50  
. V484  
R53  
1888

HAROLD B. LEE LIBRARY  
BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY  
PROVO, UTAH







Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2012 with funding from  
Brigham Young University





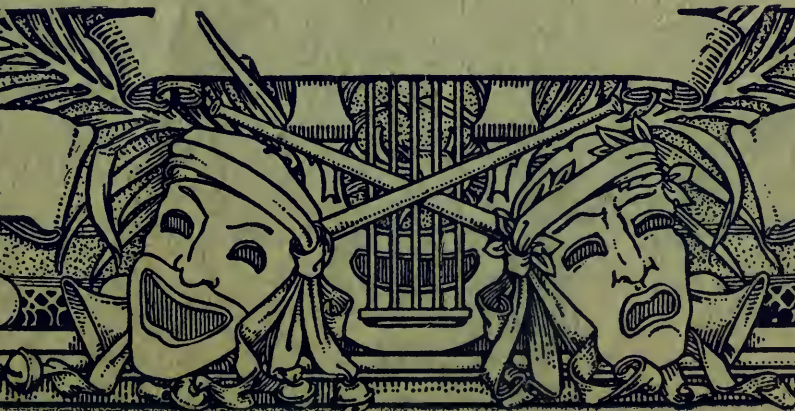
# GRAND OPERA LIBRETTOS

ITALIAN  
AND ENGLISH TEXT  
AND MUSIC OF THE PRINCIPAL AIRS

## RIGOLETTO

BY  
VERDI

: OLIVER DITSON COMPANY :





# OPERA SCORES

All the vocal scores have English text together with the foreign text mentioned below. Unless otherwise specified, these books are bound in paper.

## GRAND OPERAS

<b>AIDA</b> ..... Giuseppe Verdi 2.50 In four acts. Italian text	<b>LAKMÉ</b> ..... Léo Delibes 3.00 In three acts
<b>BOHEMIAN GIRL</b> ....Michael W. Balfe 2.00 In three acts	<b>MARITANA</b> ....William Vincent Wallace 2.50 In three acts
<b>CARMEN</b> ..... Georges Bizet 2.50 In four acts. French text	<b>MIGNON</b> ..... Ambroise Thomas 2.50 In three acts. Italian text
<b>CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA</b> Pietro Mascagni 2.00 In one act. Italian text	<b>SAMSON AND DELILAH</b> In three acts Camille Saint-Saëns 2.50
<b>FAUST</b> ..... Charles Gounod 2.00 In five acts. French text	<b>TROVATORE, IL</b> .....Giuseppe Verdi 2.00 In four acts. Italian text

## LIGHT OPERAS

<b>BELLS OF CORNEVILLE, THE; or, THE CHIMES OF NORMANDY</b> In three acts Robert Planquette 2.50	<b>MARTHA</b> ..... Friedrich von Flotow 2.50 In four acts. German and Italian text
<b>BILLEE TAYLOR; or, THE REWARD OF VIRTUE</b> Edward Solomon 1.50 In two acts	<b>MASCOT, THE</b> ..... Edmond Audran 2.50 In three acts
<b>BOCCACCIO; or, THE PRINCE OF PALERMO</b> Franz von Suppé 2.50 In three acts	<b>OLIVETTE</b> ..... Edmond Audran 2.00 In three acts
<b>DOCTOR OF ALCANTARA, THE</b> In two acts Julius Eichberg 1.50	<b>PINAFORE, H. M. S.; or, THE LASS THAT LOVED A SAILOR</b> In two acts Sir Arthur Sullivan 1.50
<b>FATINITZA</b> ..... Franz von Suppé 2.50 In three acts. German and Italian text	<b>SORCERER, THE</b> ....Sir Arthur Sullivan 1.75 In two acts
	<b>STRADELLA</b> .....Friedrich von Flotow 2.00 In three acts

Send for Descriptive Circular P—Oratorios, Cantatas, Operas and Operettas.

□ □ OLIVER DITSON COMPANY □ □

HAROLD B. LEE LIBRARY  
BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY  
PROVO, UTAH

ML  
50  
.V484  
R53  
1888

# RIGOLETTO

Opera in Three Acts

BY

GIUSEPPE VERDI

Italian Text, with an  
English Translation

AND

THE MUSIC OF THE PRINCIPAL AIRS

.30

---

OLIVER DITSON COMPANY

THEODORE PRESSER CO., DISTRIBUTORS

1712 CHESTNUT STREET

PHILADELPHIA

MADE IN U. S. A.

Copyright. MDCCCLXXXVIII, by Oliver Ditson & Co.



## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

---

THE DUKE OF MANTUA . . . . .	TENOR
RIGOLETTO, HIS JESTER . . . . .	BARITONE
THE COUNT CEPRANO } NOBLES OF THE DUKEDOM {	BASS
THE COUNT MONTERONE } OF MANTUA {	BASS
SPARAFUCILE, A HIRELING ASSASSIN . . . .	BASS
BORSA, A DOMESTIC OF THE DUKE'S . . . .	TENOR
THE COUNTESS CEFRANO . . . . .	MEZZO SOPRANO
GILDA, THE DAUGHTER OF RIGOLETTO . . . .	SOPRANO
GIOVANNA, HER DUENNA . . . . .	MEZZO SOPRANO
MADDELENE, A CYPRIAN, SISTER OF SPARAFUCILE . .	ALTO

COURTIERS, CAVALIERS, PAGES, ATTENDANTS, ETC.



# THE STORY OF "RIGOLETTO"

---

**R**IGOLETTO, a hunchback buffoon, or jester to the libertine Duke of Mantua, and willing pander to his licentious habits, has by his ribald and unfeeling jests, together with his villanous connivance at the Duke's open disdain for all considerations of honor, rendered himself highly objectionable to the courtiers, particularly the Counts of Ceprano and Monterone, whose wife and daughter respectively have become victims to the unbridled passions of the Duke. Monterone, in indignation at the dishonor to which he is subjected, seeks the Duke's presence and boldly denounces his conduct, and that of his vile abettor, Rigoletto, who is inwardly terror-stricken by his vehement maledictions.

Rigoletto has a young and beautiful daughter, whom he conceals from public observation with the most jealous care; so strictly has she been guarded that she has not been allowed to leave her home, except to attend her religious observances at church. She, however, has not escaped the notice of the Duke, who has repeatedly observed her at her devotions, and contrived to track her to her humble habitation, where, by bribing her servant, he gains access to her. Representing himself to be a poor student deeply impressed with her attractions, he succeeds in inspiring her with reciprocal sentiments, never dreaming that it is the daughter of his buffoon he is thus beguiling.

The fact of the existence of a young and lovely woman in the dwelling of Rigoletto becoming known to the courtiers, they form a plot to abduct her therefrom by force and deliver her to the

Duke. At a late hour in the evening they assemble (masked) in the neighborhood of Rigoletto's dwelling, and, under pretence that they are going to carry off the wife of Ceprano, whose house adjoins Rigoletto's, they induce him to assist. He is accordingly masked and bandaged, and is made to hold the ladder by which some of the party ascend to the window of his house, which they enter, and tear away the bewildered Gilda, whose mouth they cover, to prevent her giving any alarm, and carry her off triumphantly to the Ducal Palace.

The outwitted jester, finding himself deserted, immediately suspects that all is not right, and tearing off the bandage, perceives the scarf of his daughter, which has been dropped in the flight; he is instantly struck with the conviction that he has been robbed of his beloved Gilda, his only treasure, and that the curse of Count Monterone has already begun to work.

The courtiers relate to the Duke as a good joke how they have carried off the jester's *mistress*, but he knows full well from their description that it is Gilda they have abducted, and the unfortunate girl soon becomes a prey to his insatiate passions.

Rigoletto hastens to the palace, and demands his daughter from the courtiers, who treat him with contempt and derision, baffling all his endeavors to obtain access to the Duke. He is presently joined by his daughter, who has at length freed herself from the vicious attentions of the Duke, and after mutual condolence they quit the place, cursing the scene of their disgrace. Resolving to be revenged on the author

of his daughter's and his own misery, Rigoletto hires a bravo named Sparafucile, for a stipulated sum, to assassinate the Duke, who is enticed by the blandishments of Maddelene, the sister of Sparafucile, to the bravo's house, a ruinous and lonely inn.

Gilda has been desired by her father to put on male attire and fly to Verona, but previous to starting, in order to extinguish the lingering affection which she still entertains for her unprincipled seducer, she is made an eye-witness, through crevices in the wall of the inn, of his inconstancy and perfidy. She overhears the sister of the bravo earnestly endeavoring to dissuade him from murdering the handsome guest; but he resolutely persists in his determination to fulfil his contract, unless some person should chance to come to the inn before midnight, whom he might kill instead, and pass the body in a sack to Rigoletto as that of the murdered

Duke. Upon hearing this Gilda at once resolves to save the life of the undeserving object of her affections by sacrificing her own. She knocks at the door of the inn, is admitted, and instantly stabbed by the cold-blooded assassin. Shortly after, Rigoletto appears, pays the bravo, and receives from him the sack containing (as he supposes) the body of the Duke; he proceeds to throw it into the river which runs at the back of the inn, but before he has time to accomplish it, he is astounded by the voice of the living Duke, which he hears at a short distance; he instantly suspects foul play, tears open the sack, and is horrified to find, instead of the dead body of the hated Duke, the dying form of his beloved daughter, who almost immediately expires. Overwhelmed with terror and anguish at the fulfilment of the dreaded malediction, he falls senseless on the body of his unfortunate daughter.



# RIGOLETTO

## ACT I.

SCENE I—Magnificent salon in the Ducal Palace, with opening in the back scene, through which other salons are seen, the whole brilliantly lighted for a Fête, which is at its height. Nobles and ladies in magnificent costumes moving in all directions. Pages passing to and fro. Music heard in the distance, and occasional bursts of merriment.

(Enter the DUKE and BORSA, from the back.)

*Duke.*

Beautiful as youthful is my unknown charmer,  
And to the end I will pursue the adventure.

*Borsa.*

The maiden, you mean, whom you see at the church?

*Duke.*

For three months past, on every Sunday.

*Borsa.*

Know you where she lives?

*Duke.*

In a remote part of the city,  
Where a mysterious man visits her nightly.

*Borsa.*

And do you not know who he is?  
Is he her lover?

*Duke.*

I do not know.

(A group of ladies and gentlemen cross the stage.)

*Borsa.*

What beauty!—Do you not admire it?

*Duke.*

Ceprano's wife surpasses the handsomest of them.

*Borsa.*

Mind the Count does not hear you, Duke.

(Softly.)

*Duke.*

What care I for him?

*Borsa.*

It may get talked about.

## ATTO I.

SCENA I—Sala magnifica nel Palazzo Ducale, con porte nel fondo, che mettono ad altre sale, pure splendidamente illuminate; folla di cavalieri e dame in gran costume nel fondo delle sale; paggi che vanno e vengono. La festa è nel suo pieno. Musica interna da lontano e arosoci di rima di tratto in tratto.

(Il DUCA e BORSA, che vengono da una porta del fondo.)

*Duca.*

Della mia bella incognita borghese,  
Toccare il fin dell' avventura io voglio.

*Borsa.*

Di quella giovinche vedete al tempio?

*Duca.*

Da tre lune ogni festa.

*Borsa.*

La sua dimora?

*Duca.*

In un remoto calle;  
Misterioso un uom v'entra ogni notte.

*Borsa.*

E sa colei chi sia  
L'amante suo?

*Duca.*

Lo ignora.

(Un gruppo di dame e cavalieri attraversan la sala.)

*Borsa.*

Quante beltà!—Mirate.

*Duca.*

Le vince tutte di Cepran la sposa.

*Borsa.*

Non v'oda il Conte, o Duca—

(Piano.)

*Duca.*

A me che importa?

*Borsa.*

Dirlo ad altra ei potria—

## RIGOLETTO

Duke.

That would not much affect me.

Duca.

Nè sventura per me certo saria.

## QUESTA O QUELLA—'MID THE FAIR THRONG Air (Duke)



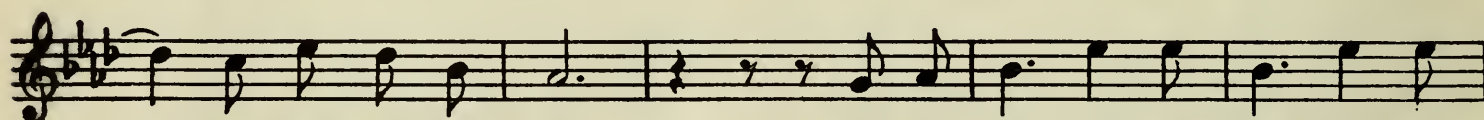
Ques-ta o quel-la — per me pa-ri so-no A quan-t'al-tre d'in-  
'Mid the fair throng that spar-kles a-round me, Not one—o'er my



tor-no, — d'in-tor-no mi ve-do, Del mio co-re —  
heart-no! — not one o'er my heart holds sway; Though a sweet smile —



— l'im-pe-ro non ce-do — Meg-lio ad u-na —  
— one mo-ment may charm me, — A glance from some bright eye —



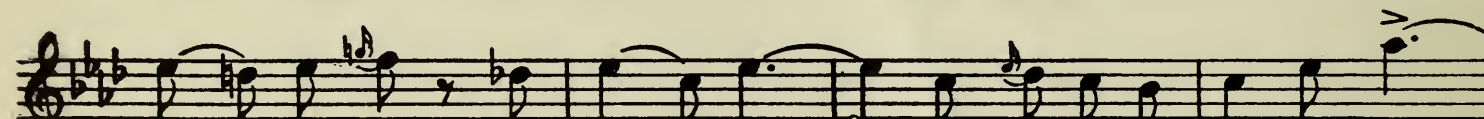
— che ad al-tra bel-tà. La co-sto-ro av-ve-nen-za e qual  
— its spell drives a-way. All a-like may at-tract, each in



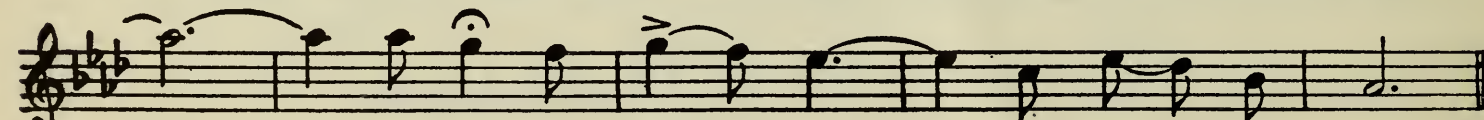
do - no Di che il fa-to ne in-fio - ra la  
turn — may please; Now with one I may tri - fle and



vi-ta; — S'og-gi que-sta — mi tor-na gra-di-ta, For-se un'  
play, — Then an-oth-er — may sport with and tease— Yet all my



al-tra, for-se un' al-tra — do-man lo sa-rà, un' al-  
heart to en-slave their wiles dis-play, — my heart to en-slave their wiles —



— tra, for-se un' al-tra — do-man lo sa-rà.  
— dis-play, their wiles dis-play, — their wiles — dis-play.



As a dove flies, alarmed, to seek shelter,  
 Pursued by some vulture, to bear it aloft  
 in flight,  
 Thus do I fly from constancy's fetter:  
 E'en women's spells I shun—all their ef-  
 forts I slight.  
 A husband that's jealous I scorn and de-  
 spise,  
 And I laugh at and heed not a lover's  
 sighs;  
 If a fair one take my heart by surprise,  
 I heed not scornful tongues or prying  
 eyes.

(Enter COUNT CEPRANO, watching his wife, who is seen  
 advancing from the distance, attended by a cavalier. Lords  
 and ladies promenading at back.)

*Duke*

(meeting the COUNTESS, and addressing her with gallantry).

Are you already going, cruel one?

*Countess.*

I must obey my husband:

Ceprano desires me to leave.

*Duke.*

The light of your face

Sheds upon the court more lustre than the  
 sun;

For your smile all alike must sigh;

For you love's flame doth all around con-  
 sume;

Enslaved, enchanted, for you my heart is  
 breaking.

(Kissing her hand with warmth.)

*Countess.*

Be more circumspect.

*Duke.*

No!

(Giving her his arm, and leading her off.)

(Enter RIGOLETTO, meeting the COUNT CEPRANO and nobles.)

*Rigoletto.*

What troubles your thoughts,

Signor Ceprano?

(COUNT shows impatience, and goes off after the DUKE.)

*Rigoletto*

(to the Cavaliers).

He is out of temper, I see.

*Chorus.*

What sport!

*Rigoletto.*

Indeed!

La costanza tiranna del core  
 Detestiamo qual morbo crudele,  
 Sol chi vuole si serbi fedele;  
 Non v' ha amor, se non v' è libertà.  
 De' mariti il geloso furore,  
 Degli amanti le smanie derido,  
 Anco d'Argo i cent' occhi disfide  
 Se mi punge una qualche beltà.

(Entra il CONTE DI CEPRANO, che segue da lungi la sua  
 sposa, seguita da altre cavaliere. Dame e signori entrano da  
 varie parti.)

*Duca*

(alla SIGNORA DE CEPRANO, movendo ad incontrarla con  
 molta galanterie).

Partite? Crudele!

*Conte.*

Seguire lo sposo.

M' è forza a Ceprano.

*Duca.*

Ma dee luminoso

In Corte tal astro qual sole brillar.

Per voi qui ciascuno dovrà palpitar.

Per voi già possente la fiamma d'amore

Inebria, conquide, distrugge il mio core.

(Con enfasi baciandole la mano.)

*Conte.*

Calmatevi—

*Duca.*

No!

(Ce da il braccio, ed esce con lei.)

Entra e RIGOLETTO, che s'incontra nel SIGNOR DI CEPRANO;  
 poi cortigiani.)

*Rigoletto.*

In testa che avete,

Signor di Ceprano?

(CEPRANO fa un gesto d'impazienza, e segue il DUCA.)

*Rigoletto*

(ai Cortigiani).

Ei sbuffa, vedete?

*Coro.*

Che festa!

*Rigoletto.*

Oh sì—

*Borsa.*

The Duke is having his diversion.

*Rigoletto.*

Is it not always so? What is there new in it?

Gambling and drinking, feasting and dancing,

Fighting and banqueting, all come to him alike.

Now 'gainst the Countess siege he is laying,  
Her husband's jealousy wholly deriding.

(Exit.)

(Enter MARULLO.)

*Marullo*

(eagerly).

Oh, such news! such news I have!

*Chorus.*

What has happened? Tell us!

*Marullo.*

You will be quite surprised.

*Chorus.*

Narrate it! narrate it!

*Marullo.*

Ah! ah! Rigoletto—

*Chorus.*

What of him?

*Marullo.*

A strange adventure.

*Chorus.*

Has he lost his hump? Is he no longer deformed?

*Marullo.*

Stranger much than that! The idiot has taken—

*Chorus.*

Taken what?

*Marullo.*

An innamorata!

*Chorus.*

An innamorata!—Incredible.

*Marullo.*

Into a Cupid the hunchback is transformed.

*Chorus.*

Oh, what a Cupid!—What a comical Cupid!

(Enter the DUKE, followed by RIGOLETTO, and CEPRANO in the background.)

*Borsa.*

Il Duca quì pur si diverte.

*Rigoletto.*

Così non è sempre? che nuove scoperte!

Il giuoco ed il vino, le feste, la danza,

Battaglie, conviti, ben tutto gli sta.

Or della Contessa l'assedio egli avanza,

E intanto il marito fremendo ne va.

(Esce.)

(Entra MARULLO.)

*Marullo*

(premuroso).

Gran nuova! gran nuova!

*Coro.*

Che avvenne? parlate!

*Marullo.*

Stupir ne dovrete—

*Coro.*

Narrate, narrate—

*Marullo.*

Ah! ah!—Rigoletto—

*Coro.*

Ebben?

*Marullo.*

Caso enorme!—

*Coro.*

Perduto ha la gobba? non è più difforme?

*Marullo.*

Più strana è la cosa!—Il pazzo possiede—

*Coro.*

Infine?

*Marullo.*

Un' amante!

*Coro.*

Amante! Chi il crede?

*Marullo.*

Il gobbo in Cupido or s' è trasformato!—

*Coro.*

Quel mostro Cupido!—Cupido beato!—

(Entra il DUCA, seguito da RIGOLETTO, indi CEPRANO.)



*Duke* (to RIGOLETTO).  
What a troublesome fellow is that Ceprano!  
But his wife—to my mind she's an angel!

*Rigoletto*.  
Then carry her off.

*Duke*.  
That is easily said—but how to do it?

*Rigoletto*.  
Do it to-night.

*Duke*.  
You do not consider the Count.

*Rigoletto*.  
Can you not put him in prison?

*Duke*.  
Ah! no.

*Rigoletto*.  
Then why not banish him?

*Duke*.  
Buffoon, I dare not.

*Rigoletto*.  
His head, then.

(Making signs of cutting it off.)  
*Ceprano* (coming forward).

(Black-hearted villain!)

*Duke*.  
Is this the head you speak of?  
(Placing his hand on the shoulder of the Count.)

*Rigoletto* (laughing).  
Of what value is such a head as that?

*Ceprano*.  
Miscreant!  
(Furiously, and drawing his sword.)

*Duke*.  
Forbear. (To CEPRANO.)

*Rigoletto*.  
He only makes me laugh.

*Chorus*.  
He is frantic with rage.  
(Among themselves.)

*Duke*.  
Buffoon, come hither.  
(To RIGOLETTO.)  
You always carry your jokes too far;—  
The anger you provoke may one day on  
your head alight.

*Rigoletto*.  
Who can hurt me?—I have no fear.

*Duca* (a RIGOLETTO).  
Ah, quanto Ceprano, importuno niun v' è.  
La cara sua posa è un angiol per me!

*Rigoletto*.  
Rapitela.

*Duca*.  
E detto; ma il farlo?

*Rigoletto*.  
Stassera.

*Duca*.  
Nè pensi tu al Conte?

*Rigoletto*.  
Non c' è la prigione?

*Duca*.  
Ah, no.

*Rigoletto*.  
Ebben—s'esilia.

*Duca*.  
Nemmeno, buffone.

*Rigoletto*.  
Adunque la testa—  
(Indicando di farla tagliare.)

*Ceprano*.  
(Oh, l'anima nera!)

*Duca*.  
Che di' questa testa?—  
(Battendo colla mano una spalla al Conte.)

*Rigoletto*.  
Che far di tal testa?—A cosa ella vale?

*Ceprano*.  
Marrano.  
(Infuriato, battendo la spada.)

*Duca*.  
Fermate— (A CEPRANO.)

*Rigoletto*.  
Da rider mi fa.

*Coro*.  
In furia è montato!  
(Tra loro.)

*Duca*.  
Buffone, vien quà.  
(A RIGOLETTO.)  
Ah! sempre tu spingi lo scherzo all' estremo,  
Quell' ira che sfida colpir ti potrà.

*Rigoletto*.  
Che coglier mi puote? Di loro non temo;

The Duke's protégé no one dares to injure!

*Ceprano*

(aside to Courtiers).

Vengeance on the buffoon!

*Chorus.*

And who amongst us

Has not some wrong to be avenged!

*Ceprano.*

And they shall be avenged!

*Chorus.*

But how?

*Ceprano.*

To-morrow, let all who have the courage,

By my side, and armed, appear.

*Chorus.*

Be it so.

*Ceprano.*

At night.

*Chorus.*

Agreed.

(Groups of Dancers appear.)

All here is joyful—all here is festive;

To pleasure all here invites;

Oh, look around, and in all faces see

The reign of voluptuous delights.

*Count Monterone*

(from without).

I will speak to him.

(Enter COUNT MONTERONE.)

*Duke.*

No.

*Monterone.*

But I will.

*Chorus.*

Monterone!

*Monterone*

(looking scornfully at the DUKE).

Yes, Monterone—against crimes like thine

There is yet one to raise a voice.

*Rigoletto*

(to the DUKE, mimicking the voice of MONTERONE).

I will speak to him.

(With mock gravity.)

Against us you have conspired, signor,

And we, in our clemency, have pardoned  
you.

'Tis madness in all seasons to come here,

Wailing about the honor of your daughter.

Del Duca un protetto nessun toccherà.

*Ceprano*

(ai Cortigiani, a parte).

Vendetta del pazzo—

*Coro.*

Contr' esso un rancore

Pei tristi suoi modi, di noi chi non ha?

*Ceprano.*

Vendetta.

*Coro.*

Ma come?

*Ceprano.*

Domani, chi ha core,

Sia in armi da me.

*Tutti.*

Sì.

*Ceprano.*

A notte.

*Tutti.*

Sarà.

(La folla de' danzatori invade la sala.)

Tutto è gioja, tutto è festa,

Tutto invitaci a goder!

Oh, guardate, non par questa,

Or la reggia del piacer!

*Conte di Monterone*

(dall'intorno).

Ch' io gli parli.

(Entra il CONTE DI MONTERONE.)

*Duca.*

No.

*Monterone.*

Il voglio.

*Tutti.*

Monterone!

*Monterone*

(fissando il DUCA con nobile orgoglio).

Sì Monterone—la voce mia qual tuono

Vi scuoterà dovunque—

*Rigoletto*

(al DUCA, contraffacendo la voce di MONTERONE).

Ch' io gli parli.

(Si avvanza con ridicola gravità.)

Voi congiuraste contro noi, signore,

E noi, clementi in vero, perdonammo—

Qual vi piglia or delirio—a tutte l'ore

Di vostra figlia reclamar l'onore?



*Monterone* (looking scornfully at RIGOLETTO).

Despicable buffoon!—

(To DUKE.)

Ah! thus will I

Thy vile orgies ever disturb. In all places

Shall my weeping voice attend you,

While unavenged shall remain

The gross insult on my family inflicted.

And if to the hangman you consign me,

As a spirit will I again visit thee,

Till the vengeance of God and man o'er-  
whelm thee.

*Duke.*

No more of this—arrest him.

*Rigoletto.*

He is mad!

*Chorus.*

What ravings!

*Monterone.*

Oh! on both of ye be my malediction!

(To the DUKE and RIGOLETTO.)

Vile is he who hounds the dying lion,

But viler thou, O Duke, and thy serpent  
there,

Who the anguish of a parent can deride!

A parent's curse be on ye both!

*Rigoletto.*

(What do I hear? Oh, horror!)

(Greatly agitated.)

*All*

(except RIGOLETTO).

Audaciously thou hast this fête disturbed,

By an infernal spirit hither led.

Vain are thy words—deaf to them our ears.

Go, tremble, old man, at the sovereign anger

Thou hast provoked. No hope for thee re-  
mains;

Fatal will this day prove to thee.

MONTERONE is marched off between halberdiers—the others  
follow the DUKE.)

SCENE II—The extremity of a street that has no thoroughfare. On the left a house of retired appearance, within a court-yard, from which there is a doorway into the street. In the court-yard are seen a tall tree and a marble seat. At the top of the wall, a terrace, supported by arches, and reached by a flight of steps in front. On the right of the passage is the highest wall of the garden, and the gable end of the palace of CEPRANO. It is night.

(Enter RIGOLETTO, enveloped in a cloak, followed by SPARAFUCILE, who has a long sword under his cloak.)

*Rigoletto.*

(How fearfully that man cursed me!)

*Monterone* (guardando RIGOLETTO con ira sprezzante).

Novello insulto!—

(Al DUCA.)

Ah, sì a turbare

Sarò vestr' orgie—verrò a gridare,

Fino a che vegga restarsi insulto

Di mia famiglia l'atroce insulto;

E se al carnefice pur mi darete

Spettro terribile mi rivedrete,

Portante in mano il teschio mio,

Vendetta chiedere al mondo e a Dio.

*Duca.*

Non più, arrestatelo.

*Rigoletto.*

E matto!

*Coro.*

Quai detti!

*Monterone.*

Oh, siate entrambi voi maledetti.

(Al DUCA e RIGOLETTO.)

Slanciare il cane al leon morente

E vile, o Duca—e tu serpente,

(A RIGOLETTO.)

Tu che d'un padre rida al dolore,

Sii maledetto!

*Rigoletto.*

(Che sento? orrore!)

(Colpito.)

*Tutti*

(meno RIGOLETTO).

Oh, tu che la festa audace hai turbato,

Da un genio d'inferno quì fosti guidato;

E vano ogni detto, di quà t'allontana—

Va, trema, o vegliardo, dell' ira sovrana—

Tu l' hai provocata, più spheme non v' è.

Un' ora fatale fu questa per te.

(MONTERONE parte fra due alabardieri; tutti gl' altri  
seguirono il DUCA in altra stanza.)

SCENA II—L'estremità più deserta d'una Via Cieca. A sinistra, una casa di discreta apparenza, con una piccola corte circondato da muro. Nella corte un grosso ed alto albero ed un sedile di marmo; nel muro una porta che mette ella strada; sopra il muro un terrazzo praticabile, sostenuto da arcate. La porta del primo piano dà su detto terrazzo, a cui si ascende per una scala di fronte. A destra, della via è il muro altissimo del giardino, e un fianco del Palazzo di CEPRANO. E notte.

(RIGOLETTO chiuso nel suo mantello. SPARAFUCILE lo segue, portando sotto il mantello una lunga spada.)

*Rigoletto.*

(Quel vecchio maledivami!)

*Sparafucile.*

Signor—

*Rigoletto.*

Go: I have no need of you.

*Sparafucile.*

Be that as it may, you have before you  
A man who knows how to use a sword.

*Rigoletto.*

A robber?

*Sparafucile.*

No— a man who, for a trifle,  
Will from a rival free you;—  
And have you not one?

*Rigoletto.*

Who is he?

*Sparafucile.*

Have you not a mistress here?

*Rigoletto.*

(What do I hear?) What would it cost me  
To rid me of a signor?

*Sparafucile.*

More than for a lesser man.

*Rigoletto.*

When must it be paid?

*Sparafucile.*

One-half beforehand,  
The other when the deed is done.

*Rigoletto.*

(O demon!) And how can you  
Be sure of success?

*Sparafucile.*

In the street sometimes they fall.  
At other times in my own house;—  
I waylay my man at night—  
A single blow, and he is dead.

*Rigoletto.*

And how in your own house?

*Sparafucile.*

All the easier—  
I have a sister there who helps.  
She dances in the streets—she is handsome—  
Those I want she decoys—and then—

*Rigoletto.*

I comprehend.

*Sparafucile.*

Signor?

*Rigoletto.*

Va non ho niente.

*Sparafucile.*

Nè il chiesi—a voi presente  
Un uom di spada sta.

*Rigoletto.*

Un ladro?

*Sparafucile.*

Un uom che libera  
Per poco da un rivale,  
E voi ne avete—

*Rigoletto.*

Quale?

*Sparafucile.*

La vostra donna è là.

*Rigoletto.*

(Che sento?) E quanto spenderò  
Per un signor dovrei?

*Sparafucile.*

Prezzo maggior vorrei—

*Rigoletto.*

Com' usasi pagar?

*Sparafucile.*

Una metà s'anticipa,  
Il resto si da poi—

*Rigoletto.*

(Dimonio!) E come puoi  
Tanto sicuro oprar?

*Sparafucile.*

Soglio in cittade uccidere,  
Oppure nel mio tetto.  
L'uomo di sera aspetto—  
Une stoccata, e muor.

*Rigoletto.*

E come in casa?

*Sparafucile.*

E facile—  
M'ainta mia sorella—  
Per lè vie danza—è bella—  
Chi voglio attira—e allor—

*Rigoletto.*

Comprendo—



*Sparafucile.*

There is nothing to fear;  
My trusty weapon never betrays me.  
(Showing his sword.)  
Can I serve you?

*Rigoletto.*

No; not at present.

*Sparafucile.*

The worse for you.

*Rigoletto.*

Your name?

*Sparafucile.*

Sparafucile is my name.

*Rigoletto.*

A foreigner?

*Sparafucile.*

From Burgundy.  
(About to go.)

*Rigoletto.*

Where are you to be found?

*Sparafucile.*

Hereabouts, every night.

*Rigoletto.*

Go. (Exit SPARAFUCILE.)  
How like are we!—the tongue my weapon,  
the dagger his!  
To make others laugh is my vocation—his  
to make them weep!  
How that old man cursed me!  
O man!—O human nature!  
What scoundrels dost thou make of us!  
O rage! To be deformed—the buffoon to  
have no play!  
Whether one will or not, to be obliged to  
laugh!  
Tears, the common solace of humanity,  
Are to me prohibited!  
Youthful, joyous, high-born, handsome,  
An imperious master gives the word—  
“Amuse me, buffoon,”—and I must obey.  
Perdition! How do I not despise ye all,  
Ye sycophants—ye hollow courtiers!  
If I am deformed, 'tis ye have made me so;  
But a changed man will I now become.

*Sparafucile.*

Senza strepito—  
E questo il mio stromento.  
(Mostra la spada.)  
Vi serve?

*Rigoletto.*

No—al momento—

*Sparafucile.*

Peggio per voi—

*Rigoletto.*

Chi sa?

*Sparafucile.*

Sparafucile mi nomino—

*Rigoletto.*

Straniero?—

*Sparafucile.*

Borgognone—  
(Per andarsene.)

*Rigoletto.*

E dove all' occasione?—

*Sparafucile.*

Quì sempre a sera.

*Rigoletto.*

Va. (SPARAFUCILE parte.)  
Pari siamo!—Io la lingua, egli ha il pug-  
nale;  
L'uomo son io che ride, ei quel che spegne!  
Quel vecchio maledivami!  
O uomini!—o natura!  
Vil! scellerato mi faceste voi!  
Oh rabbia!—esser difforme!—esser buffone!  
Non dover, non poter altro che ridere!  
Il retaggio d'ogni uom m'è tolto—il pianto!  
Questo padrone mio,  
Giovin, giocondo, sì possente, bello  
Son necchiando mi dice;  
Fa ch'io rida, buffone.  
Forzarmi deggio, e farlo! Oh, dannazione!  
Odio a voi, cortigiani schernitori!  
Quanta in mordervi ho gioia!  
Se iniquo so, per cangion vostra e solo—  
Ma il altr' uom quì mi cangio!  
Quel vecchio malediami! Tal pensiero  
Perchè conturba ognor la mente mia?

That old man cursed me! Why does that  
curse

Thus ever haunt my harassed mind?

What have I to fear? Ah, no, this is mere  
folly!

(Opens a door with a key, and enters the yard.)

(Enter GILDA, coming from the house, and throwing herself into her father's arms.)

*Rigoletto.*

My daughter!

*Gilda.*

My dear father!

*Rigoletto.*

Only when near to thee

Does my oppressed heart know joy.

*Gilda.*

Oh, what affection!

*Rigoletto.*

My only life art thou!

What other earthly happiness have I?

(Sighing.)

*Gilda.*

Why do you sigh? What ails you?

Open your mind to your poor daughter.

If any secret you have, to her confide it;

And do about her family inform her.

*Rigoletto.*

Thou hast not any.

*Gilda.*

What is your real name?

*Rigoletto.*

What matters it to thee?

*Gilda.*

If you are not willing

Of your family to speak—

*Rigoletto.*

Do you ever go out?

(Interrupting her.)

*Gilda.*

Only when I go to church.

*Rigoletto.*

In that thou dost right.

*Gilda.*

If of yourself you will not speak,

At least tell me something of my mother.

Mi coglierà sventura? Ah no, è follia.

(Apre con chiave, ad entra nel cortile.)

(Entra GILDA, ch'esco dalla casa e segetta nelle sue braccia.)

*Rigoletto.*

Figlia!

*Gilda.*

Mio padre!

*Rigoletto.*

A te dapresso

Trova sol gioia il core oppresso.

*Gilda.*

Oh, quanto amore!

*Rigoletto.*

Mia vita sei!

Senza te in terra qual bene avrei?

(Sospira.)

*Gilda.*

Voi sospirate!—che v'ange tanto?

Lo dite a questa povera figlia—

Se v' ha mistero—per lei sia franto—

Ch'ella conosca la sua famiglia.

*Rigoletto.*

Tu non ne hai—

*Gilda.*

Qual nome avete?

*Rigoletto.*

A te che importa?

*Gilda.*

Se non volete

Di voi parlarmi—

*Rigoletto.*

Non uscir mai.

(Interrompendola.)

*Gilda.*

Non vo che al tempio.

*Rigoletto.*

Or ben tu fai.

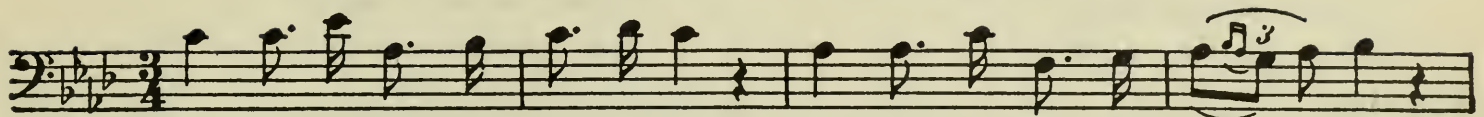
*Gilda.*

Se non di voi, almen chi sia.

Fate ch'io sappia la madre mia.



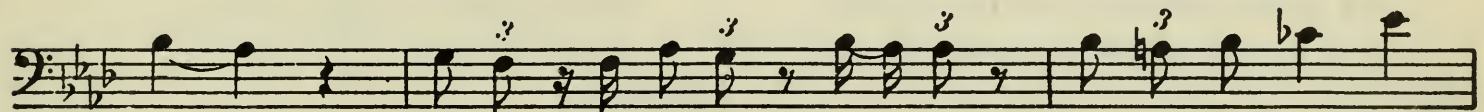
## DEH NON PARLARE — SPEAK NOT OF ONE Air (Rigoletto)



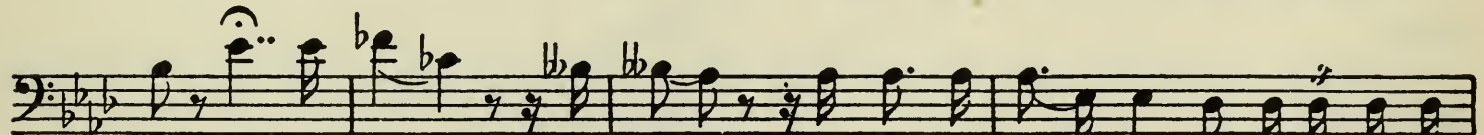
Deh non par-la - re al mi - se - ro      Del suo per-du - to be - - ne;  
*Speak not of one, whose loss to thee,      All earth can boast could ne'er re-store;*



El - la sen - tia, quell' an - ge - lo,      Pie - tà — del - le — mie  
*Her an - gel form me - thinks I see,      Who loved me, though de - form'd and*



ne - ne;      So - lo, dif - for - me,      po - ve - ro,      Per com - pas - sion mi a -  
*poor. —      Pi - ty, O Gil - da;      spare me!      Ask it, my child, no.*



mò. Ah! mo - ri - a,      mo - ri - a,      le zol - le co - pra - no Lie - vi quel ca - po a -  
*more. Ah! she died; —      may earth      vest light - ly on — her; To me she's lost for.*



ma - to;      So - la or tu re . sti,      So - la or tu res - ti al mi - se - ro; —  
*ev - er.      Thou art my on - ly hope,      Thou art my on - ly hope, my child!*



Di - o, sii rin - gra - zia - to, si rin - gra - zia - to.  
*Fa - ther of all! — oh! bless her with Thy mer - cy mild!*

*Gilda.*

Alas! what anguish! such bitter grief  
 What language can express!  
 Father, dear father, calm yourself,  
 Or my heart will surely break—  
 To me your name pray tell;  
 The grief that saddens you impart.

*Rigoletto.*

'Twere useless myself to discover;  
 Suffice it that thy father I am.  
 Some in the world there are who fear me,  
 In others, perhaps, envy I excite;  
 But one there is who has cursed me!

*Gilda.*

Quanto dolor! che spremere  
 Sì amaro pianto può?  
 Padre, non più, calmatevi—  
 Mi lacera tal vista—  
 Il nome vostro ditemi,  
 Il duol che sì v'attrista—

*Rigoletto.*

A che nomarmi? è inutile!  
 Padre ti sono, e basti—  
 Me forse al mondo temono.  
 D'alcuno ho forse gli asti:  
 Altri mi maledicono—

*Gilda.*

Country, family, friends,  
Possess you none of them?

*Rigoletto.*

Country, family, friends, say'st thou?  
Thou art my country, family, and friends!  
The whole universe thou art to me!

(Passionately.)

*Gilda.*

Ah! if happier I could render you,  
What joy to my heart it would bring!  
Three months full it is since hither I came,  
And nothing yet have I of the city seen.  
With your permission I should like to see it.

*Rigoletto.*

Never! never! Hast thou ever left the  
house?

*Gilda.*

No.

*Rigoletto.*

That's well.

*Gilda.*

(What have I said?)

*Rigoletto.*

I'll take care thou shalt not!  
(She might be followed—stolen from me!  
To dishonor the daughter of a buffoon  
Would here be laughed at. Horror!) Ho,  
there!

(Turning towards the house.)

(Enter GIOVANNA, from the house.)

*Giovanna.*

Signor?

*Rigoletto.*

Has any one seen me come hither?  
Mind—speak the truth.

*Giovanna.*

Oh, no—no one.

*Rigoletto.*

That is well. The gate that to the bastion  
leads—  
Is that always closed?

*Giovanna.*

It is, and shall be

*Gilda.*

Patria, parenti, amici,  
Voi dunque non avete?

*Rigoletto.*

Patria! parenti! dici?  
Culto, famiglia, patria,  
Il mio universo è in te!

(Con effusione.)

*Gilda.*

Ah! se può lieto rendervi,  
Gioia è la vita a me!  
Già da tre lune son qui venuta,  
Nè la cittade ho ancor veduta;  
Se il concedete, farlo or potrei—

*Rigoletto.*

Mai! mai! uscita, dimmi, unqua sei?

*Gilda.*

No.

*Rigoletto.*

Guai!

*Gilda.*

(Che dissi?)

*Rigoletto.*

Ben te ne guarda!  
Potrian seguirla, rapirla ancora!  
Qui d'un buffone si disonora  
La figlia, e ridesi—Orror! Olà?  
(Verso la casa.)

(Entra GIOVANNA, dalla casa.)

*Giovanna.*

Signor?

*Rigoletto.*

Venendo, mi vide alcuno?  
Bada, di' il vero—

*Giovanna.*

Ah, no, nessuno.

*Rigoletto.*

Sta ben—la porta che dà al bastione  
E sempre chiusa?

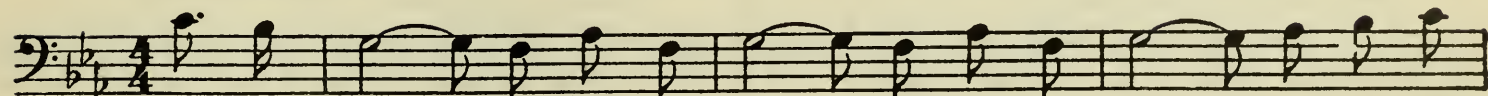
*Giovanna.*

Lo fu e sarà.



## VEGLIA O DONNA—SAFELY GUARD THIS TENDER BLOSSOM Duet (Rigoletto and Gilda)

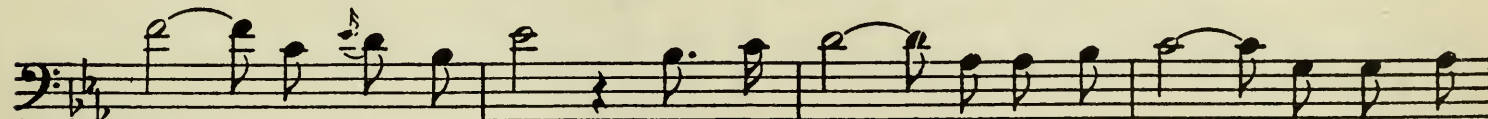
RIGOLETTO



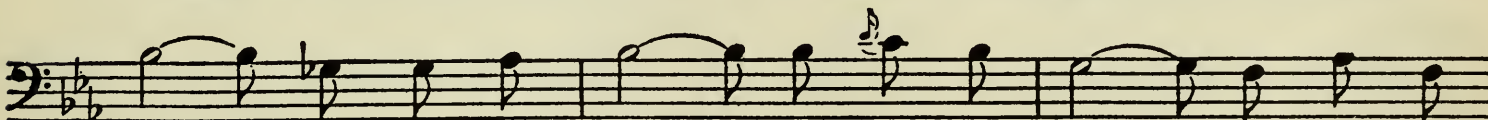
Ve-glia, o don - na, ques - to fio - re, Che a te pu - ro con - fi -  
Safe - ly guard - this ten - der blos - som, Which to thee — I am con -



da - i; Ve-gli at - ten - ta e non sia ma - i Che s'of -  
fid - ing, In her guile - less heart and bos - om May no



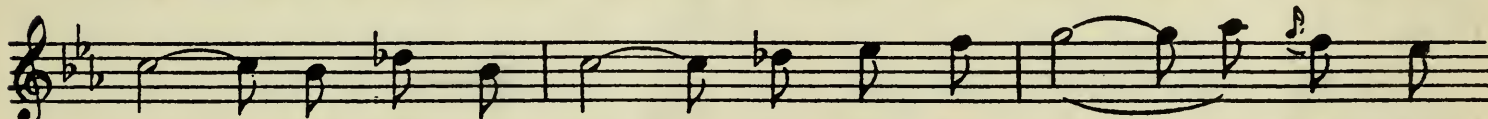
fu - schi il suo can - dor. Tu dei ven - ti dal fu - ro - re Ch'al-tri  
thought of ill be - tide; From the arts — of vice pro - tect — her, May its



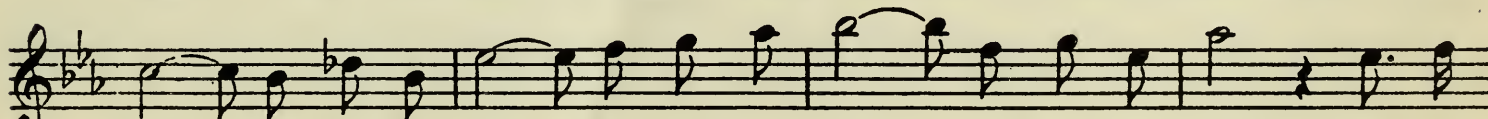
fio - ri han - no pie - ga - to, Lo di - fen - di, e im - ma - co -  
snares — be laid in vain; — Her fa - ther will — from thee ex -



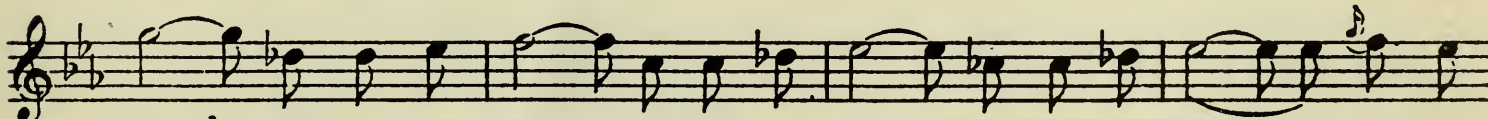
la - te Lo ri - do - na al ge - ni - tor, Quan - to af - fet - to! qua - li  
pect — her Pure re - stored — to him a - gain. Ah! such fear — for me re -



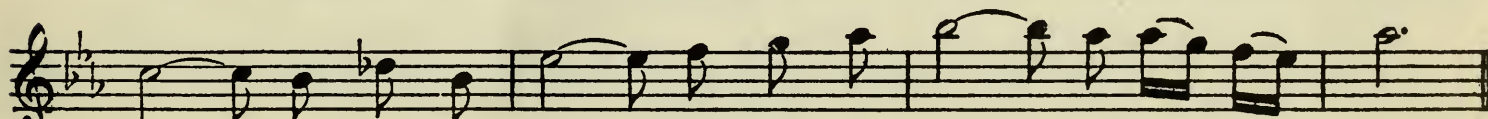
cu - re! Che te - me - te, pa - dre mi - o? Las - sù in  
veal - ing, Fa - ther dear, — why thus dis - play? — One from



cie - lo, pres - so Di - o Ve-glia un an - giol pro - tet - tor. Da noi  
whom there's no con - ceal - ing Guides me ev - er on my way. From on



sto - glie le sven - tu - re Di mia ma - dre il prie - go san - to Non fia  
high — my moth - er's spir - it Leads me on — with ten - der care; — While this



mai — dis - vel - to o fran - to Ques - to a voi — di - let - to — fior.  
heart — bears life with - in — it, 'Twill de - fy — each art - ful snare.

(The DUKE, in disguise, is seen to arrive in the street.)

*Rigoletto.*

There is some one outside.

(RIGOLETTO comes through the garden-gate, and looks about the street; while doing so, the DUKE stealthily glides in, and hides himself behind a tree, throwing a purse to GIOVANNA.)

*Gilda.*

Oh, Heavens!

He is always suspicious.

*Rigoletto* (returning to GILDA.)

Does any one ever follow you to church?

*Gilda.*

No.

*Duke.*

(*Rigoletto.*)

*Rigoletto.*

Should any one knock,  
On no account admit him.

*Giovanna.*

Not even the Duke?

*Rigoletto.*

Above all others keep him out. Daughter,  
adieu!

*Duke.*

(His daughter!)

*Gilda.*

Adieu, dear father.

(They embrace, and RIGOLETTO departs, closing the door after him.)

*Gilda*

(in the yard.)

Giovanna, I am struck with remorse.

*Giovanna.*

What about, pray?

*Gilda.*

I did not tell him of the youth who follows  
me to church.

*Giovanna.*

Why should you tell him? Do you hate  
the youth,  
And would you thus dismiss him?

*Gilda.*

No, no! his looks are pleasing to me.

*Giovanna.*

And he has the appearance of a wealthy  
signor.

*Gilda.*

Neither signor nor wealth do I wish to have;

(Entra il DUCA, in costume borghese, della strada.)

*Rigoletto.*

Alcuno è fuori—

(Apre la porta della corte e, mentre esce a guardar sulla strada, il DUCA guizza furtivo nella corte, e si nasconde dietro l'albero; gettando a GIOVANNA una borsa la fa tacere.)

*Gilda.*

Cielo!

Sempre novel sospetto—

*Rigoletto* (a GILDA, tornando).

Vi seguiva alla chiesa mai nessuno?

*Gilda.*

Mai.

*Duca.*

(*Rigoletto.*)

*Rigoletto.*

Se talor quì picchiano  
Guardatevi d'aprire—

*Giovanna.*

Nemmeno al Duca?

*Rigoletto.*

Meno che a tutti a lui. Mia figlia, addio.

*Duca.*

(Sua figlia!)

*Gilda.*

Addio, mio padre.

(S'abbracciano, e RIGOLETTO parte, chiudendosi dietro la porta.)

*Gilda*

(nella corte).

Giovanna, ho dei rimorsi—

*Giovanna.*

E perchè mai?

*Gilda.*

Tacqui che un giovin ne seguiva al tempio.

*Giovanna.*

Perchè ciò dirgli?—l'odiate dunque  
Cotesto giovin, voi?

*Gilda.*

No, no, chè troppo è bello, e spira amore—

*Giovanna.*

E magnanimo sembra e gran signore.

*Gilda.*

Signor nè principe—io lo vorrei;



The poorer he prove, the more shall I love him.

Sleeping or waking, my thoughts are all of him,

And my heart longs to tell him I lo—

*Duke*

(suddenly coming forward, motioning GIOVANNA to retire, and kneeling at the feet of GILDA).

I love thee!

The words repeat! Such delicious accents

Open to me a heaven of enjoyment.

*Gilda.*

Giovanna? Alas, no one answers me!

There's no one here! Oh, heavens, I'm alone!

*Duke.*

No! I am here; and to thee I respond—

Against all the world I will protect thee!

*Gilda.*

Why thus address yourself to me?

*Duke.*

Whate'er your state, to me it matters not—

I love thee!

*Gilda.*

Oh, go away.

*Duke.*

Go away! No, not yet!

If love's fire within us both be lighted,

Inseparable we should henceforth be;

O maiden bright, thy lot with mine unite!

Sento che povero—più l'amerei.

Sognando o vigile—sempre lo chiamo,

E l'anima in estasi—gli dice t'a—

*Duca*

(esce improvviso, fa cenno a GIOVANNA d'andarsene, e in ginocchiandosi a' pied di GILDA termina la frase).

T'amo!

T'amo, ripetilo—si caro accento,

Un puro schiudimi—ciel di contento!

*Gilda.*

Giovanna? Ahi, misera! non v'è più alcuno

Che quì rispondami! Oh Dio! nessuno!

*Duca.*

Son io coll' anima—che ti rispondo—

Ah, que che s'amano—son tutto un mondo!

*Gilda.*

Chi mai, chi giungere—vi fece a me?

*Duca.*

S'angelo o demone—che importa a te?

Io t'amo—

*Gilda.*

Uscitene.

*Duca.*

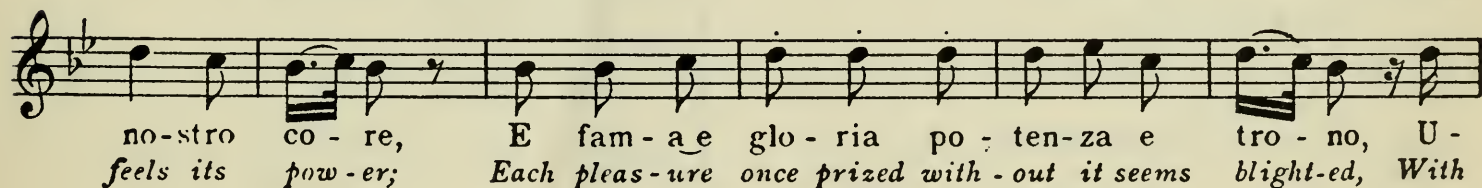
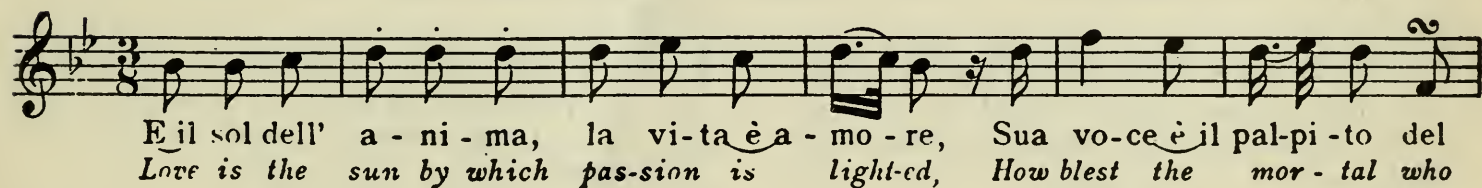
Uscire! adesso!

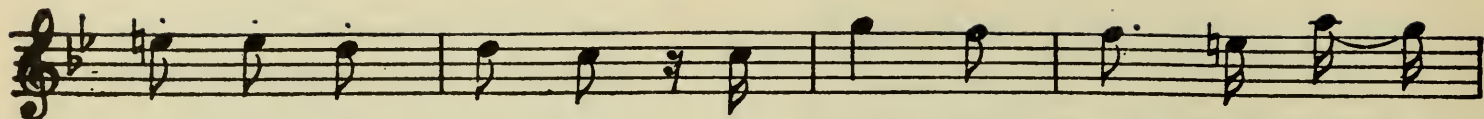
Ora che accendene—un fuoco istesso!

Ah, inseparabile—d'amore, il dio

Stringeva, o vergine—tuo fato al mio!

E IL SOL DELL' ANIMA — LOVE IS THE SUN Air (Duke)





so - la, di - vi - na, Ea - mor che a gl'an - ge - li, a  
no joy ter - res - trial Can e'er to me such sweet—



gl'an - ge - li più ne av - vi - ci - na! — A - dun - que a - mia - mo - ci,  
rap - ture im - part Ah! — May no blight ev - er this



don - na ce - le - ste, D'in - vi - dia gl'uo - mi - ni sa - rò per  
heart from thee sev - er; Rest in my bos - om, ne'er to de -



te, D'in - vi - dia a - gl'un - mi - ni sa - rò per te.  
part, Rest in — my — bos - om, and - ne'er de - part.

*Gilda.*

(Ah! how these words my ears delight!  
His tones, how tender—and how pure his  
love!)

*Duke.*

That you love me—oh, the words repeat—

*Gilda.*

You have heard.

*Duke.*

O joy unlooked for!

*Gilda.*

Your name, now, I pray you tell me;  
For I never yet have heard it.

(Enter CEPRANO and BORSA, from the street.)

*Ceprano*

(to BORSA).

This is the place.

*Duke*

(to GILDA).

My name is—

(Considering.)

*Borsa*

(to CEPRANO).

All right.

(They depart.)

*Duke.*

Walter Maldè.

I am a student—a poor student.

*Gilda.*

(Ah de' miei vergini—sogni son queste—  
Le voci tenere—si care a me!)

*Duca.*

Che m'ami—deh! ripetimi—

*Gilda.*

L'udiste.

*Duca.*

Oh, me felice!

*Gilda.*

Il nome vostro ditemi;  
Saperlo non mi lice?

(Entra CEPRANO e BORSA sulla via.)

*Ceprano*

(a BORSA).

Il loco è quì—

*Duca*

(a GILDA).

Mi nomino—

(Pensando.)

*Borsa*

(a CEPRANO).

Sta ben—

(E partono.)

*Duca.*

Gaultier Maldé.

Studento sono, povero.



**Giovanna.** (In alarm.)  
I hear footsteps outside.

**Gilda.**  
Perhaps it is my father.

**Duke.**  
Ah! could I the traitor catch  
Who thus presumes to interrupt  
The joy I have in being with thee!

**Gilda** (to GIOVANNA).  
(Quickly away!  
To the bastion conduct him—go!)

**Duke.**  
First say that you love me?

**Gilda.**  
And you?

**Duke.**  
With my whole heart I swear it.

**Gilda.**  
No more, no more, at once depart.

**Both.**  
Farewell, my hope, my soul, farewell;  
For thee alone henceforth I'll live;  
Farewell! Immutable as Fate  
Shall be my love and truth to thee.

(Exit the DUKE, escorted by GIOVANNA, GILDA following his steps with her eyes.)

**Gilda** (alone).  
Walter Maldè! What a romantic name!  
Already is it on my heart engraven!

**Giovanna.** (Spaventata.)  
Rumor di passi è furore.

**Gilda.**  
Forse mio padre.

**Duca.**  
Ah! cogliere  
Potessi il traditore  
Che sì mi turba!

**Gilda** (a GIOVANNA).  
(Adducilo  
Di quà al bastione, ite!)

**Duca.**  
Di m'amerai tu?

**Gilda.**  
E voi?

**Duca.**  
L'intera vita, poi.

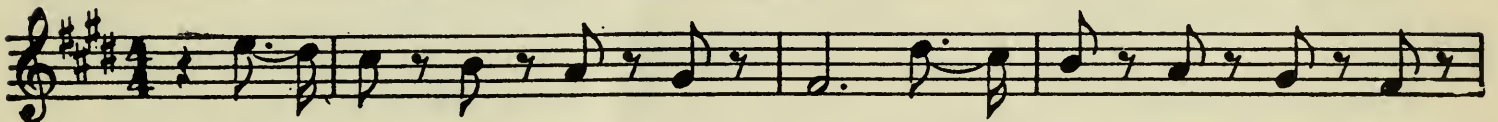
**Gilda.**  
Non più, non più, partite.

**A 2.**  
Addio, speranza ed anima  
Sol tu sari per me.  
Addio, vivrà immutabile  
L'affretto mio per te.

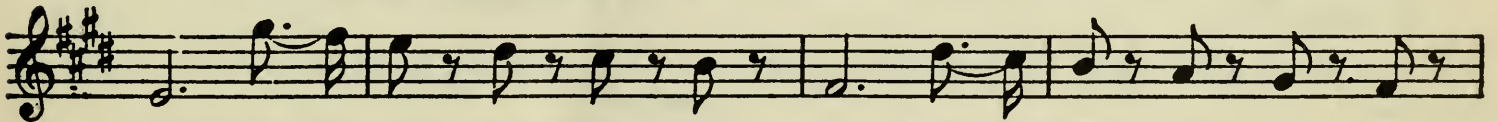
(Parte il DUCA scortato da GIOVANNA, GILDA resta fissando è partito.)

**Gilda** (sola).  
Gualtier Maldé! nome di lui si amato.  
Scolpiciti nel core innamorato!

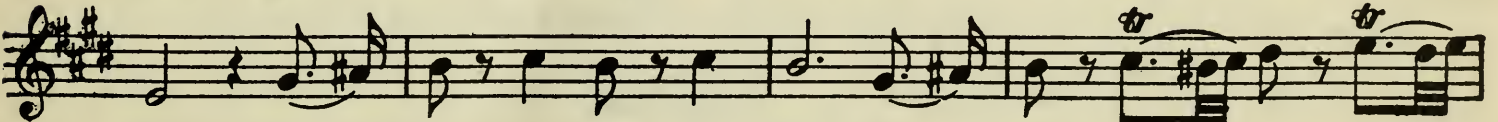
CARO NOME CHE IL MIO COR — DEAR NAME WITHIN THIS BREAST Air (Gilda)



Ca-ro no - me che il mio cor Fes-ti pri - mo pal - pi -  
Dear name, with - in this breast, Thy mem - 'ry will re -



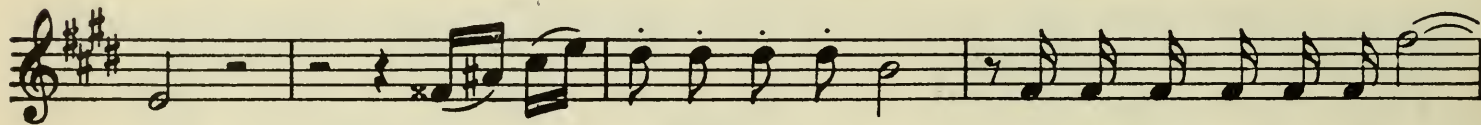
tar, Le de - li - zie dell' a - mor Mi dèi sem - pre ram - men -  
main; My love, for thee con - fess'd, No pow - er can re -



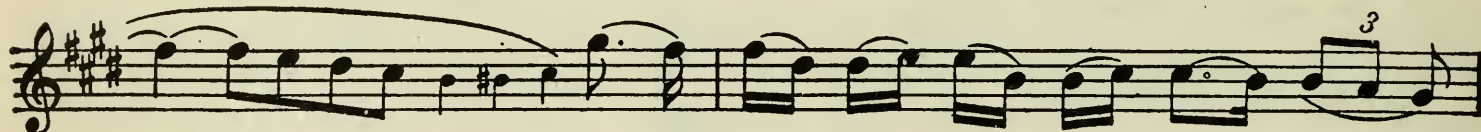
tar! Col pen - sier il mio de - sir A te sem - pre vo - le -  
strain. Ah! yes, 'tis bliss to own The joy that fills my



ra, E fin l'ul - ti - mo so - spir, Ca - ro no - me, tuo sa -  
heart; 'Twill beat for thee a - lone; Till death 'twill ne'er de .



rà. Col pen-sier il mio de-sir A te sem-pre vo-le-rà.—  
partl 'Twill — beat for thee a - lone; Ah! till death 'twill ne'er de - partl



E fin l'ul - ti - mo mi - o so -  
'Twill beat, 'twill beat for thee a : . .



spir, Ca - ro no - me, tuo sa - rà.  
lone, Ah! — till death — 'twill ne'er de - part.

(She ascends the terrace, with a lantern in her hand.)

(Enter MARULLO, CEPRANO, and BORSA, accompanied by courtiers, in masks, and armed.)

*Borsa.*

Look there!

(Pointing towards GILDA.)

*Ceprano.*

Ah! there she is—

*Chorus.*

Oh! how beautiful she is!

*Marullo.*

A fairy or an angel!

*Chorus.*

Can that the mistress be  
Of Rigoletto?

(They all laugh.)

(Enter RIGOLETTO, absorbed in thought.)

*Rigoletto.*

(Laughing! what can it mean?)

*Borsa.*

Silence, to our work; we've no time for  
laughing.

*Rigoletto.*

(Ah, how fiercely that old man cursed me!)  
Who is there?

(San al terrazzo con una lanterna, che tono entra in casa.)

(Entrano MARULLO, CEPRANO, e BORSA, cortigiani, armati e mascherati, dalla via.)

*Borsa.*

E là.

(Indicanda GILDA.)

*Ceprano.*

Miratela—

*Coro.*

Oh! quanto è bella!

*Marullo.*

Par fata od angiol!

*Coro.*

L'amante è quella  
Di Rigoletto?

(Entra RIGOLETTO, concentrato.)

*Rigoletto.*

(Riedo! perche?)

*Borsa.*

Silenzio, all' opra, badate a me.

*Rigoletto.*

(Ah da quel vecchio fui maledetto!)  
Chi è là?



*Borsa*

(to his companions).

Be silent, 'tis Rigoletto.

*Ceprano.*

A double capture! We can also slay him.

*Borsa.*

No; to-morrow it will make more sport.

*Marullo.*

But now everything is ready.

*Rigoletto.*

(Who is speaking there?)

*Marullo.*

Is't you, Rigoletto—say.

*Rigoletto*

(considerably agitated).

Who goes there?

*Marullo.*

You will not betray us—I am—

*Rigoletto.*

Who?

*Marullo.*

Marullo.

*Rigoletto.*

In the dead of night for good you are not here.

*Marullo.*'Tis a ridiculous frolic brings us here;  
Ceprano's wife we mean to carry off.*Rigoletto.*

(Once more do I breathe.) But how do you enter?

*Marullo*

(to CEPRANO).

Hand here the keys!

(To RIGOLETTO.)

Doubt us not;

We are not to be foiled in a stratagem.

(Handing him the keys taken from CEPRANO.)

Here are the keys.

*Rigoletto*

(feeling the keys).

I feel that this is his crest.

(Ah! then all my terrors have been need-  
less!)

(He breathes more freely.)

Yonder is his palace—I will go with you.

*Marullo.*

We are all disguised.

*Borsa*

(ai compagni).

Tacete, c'è Rigoletto.

*Ceprano.*

Vittoria doppia! L'uccideremo.

*Borsa.*

No: chè domani più rideremo.

*Marullo.*

Or tutto aggiusto.

*Rigoletto.*

(Chi parla quà?)

*Marullo.*

Ehi, Rigoletto?—di

*Rigoletto*

(con voce terribile).

Chi va là?

*Marullo.*

Eh, non mangiarci—son—

*Rigoletto.*

Chi?

*Marullo.*

Marullo.

*Rigoletto.*

In tanto bugo lo sguardo è nullo.

*Marullo.*Quì ne condusse ridevol cosa;  
Tòrre a Ceprano vogliam la sposa.*Rigoletto.*

(Ohimè, respiro.) Ma come entrare?

*Marullo*

(a CEPRANO).

La vostra chiave?

(A RIGOLETTO.)

Non dubitare;

Non de mancarci lo stratagemma.

(Gli dà chiave avuta da CEPRANO.)

Ecco le chiavi.

*Rigoletto*

(palpandole).

Sento il suo stemma.

(Ah, terror vano fu dunque il mio!)

(Respirando.)

N'è là palazzo—con vïo son io.

*Marullo.*

Siam mascherati.

*Rigoletto.*

Then so will I be;  
Give me here a mask.

*Marullo.*

Well, here is one.  
You shall hold the ladder.

(Puts a mask on the face of RIGOLETTO, fastens it by a handkerchief across his eyes, and places him at a ladder, against the terrace wall, to keep it steady.)

*Rigoletto.*

How very dark it has become!

*Marullo.*

The bandage renders him both blind and deaf.

(To his companions.)

*All.*

Silence! silence! while vengeance we seek;  
In his own trap now let him be caught;  
The jester who constantly makes us his sport,  
Shall now, in his turn, our laughter provoke.  
Hush! be quiet! his mistress we'll seize,  
And, to-morrow, at court have our laugh.

(Some ascend to the terrace, force a window, by which they enter, and descend to the door, which they open to others, who enter and drag out GILDA. She has her mouth gagged with a handkerchief. While being dragged across the stage, a scarf falls from her.)

*Gilda.*

Help! help! Father, dear, help!

*Chorus.*

Victory!

*Gilda.*

Help! help!

(At a distance.)

*Rigoletto.*

Is it not yet done? What a capital joke!

(Putting his hands to his face.)

Why, my eyes are bandaged!

(He snatches off the bandage and mask, and, by the light of the lantern, recognizes the scarf, and sees the door open; he rushes in, and drags out GIOVANNA, greatly frightened; he fixes his eyes upon her in stupefaction, tears his hair in agony, and, after many ineffectual efforts to speak, exclaims:)

Ah! this is the Malediction!

(Swoons.)

END OF ACT I.

*Rigoletto.*

Ch' io pur mi mascheri;  
A me una larva?

*Marullo.*

Sì pronta è già.  
Terrai la scala.

(Gli mette una maschera, e nello stesso tempo lo benda con un fazzoletto, e lo pone a reggere una scala, che avranna appostata al terrazzo.)

*Rigoletto.*

Fitta è la tenebra!

*Marullo.*

La benda cieco e sordo il fa.  
(A compagni.)

*Tutti.*

Zitti, zitti, moviamo a vendetta,  
Ne sia colto, or che meno l'aspetta.  
Derisorè sì audace costante  
A sua volta schernito sarà!  
Cheti, cheti, rubiamgli l'amante,  
E la Corte doman riderà.

(Alcuni salgono al terrazzo, rompon la porta del primo piano, scendono, aprono ad altri ch'entrano dalla strada, e riescono, trascinando GILDA, la quale avrà la bocca chiusa da un fazzoletto. Nel traversare la scena ella perde una sciarpa.)

*Gilda.*

Soccorso, padre mio—

*Coro.*

Vittoria!

*Gilda.*

Aita!

(Più lontano.)

*Rigoletto.*

Non han finito ancor! qual derisione!

(Si tocca gli occhi.)

Sono bendato!

(Si strappa impetuosamente la benda e la maschera, ed al chiarore d'una lanterna scordata riconosce la sciarpa: vede la porta aperta, entra, ne trae GIOVANNA spaventata; la fissa con istapote, si strappa i capelli senza poter gridare; finalmente, dopo molti sforzi, esclama:)

Ah!—la Maledizione!

FINE DELL' ATTO PRIMO.



## ACT II.

SCENE I—Salon in the DUKE's Palace. Large folding-doors in back-scene, and smaller ones on each side, above which hang portraits of the DUKE and the DUCHESS. A table covered with velvet, handsome chairs, and other appropriate furniture.

(Enter the DUKE, by centre doorway, much agitated.)

*Duke.*

She has been stolen from me!  
But how, and by whom? Oh, heavens!  
Thus to lose her at the very moment  
When my passion most demanded her!  
The door was wide open—the house deserted!  
Whither can the dear angel have flown!  
She who first within this wandering heart  
The joys of a true love hath awakened—  
She so pure that, by her modest bearing,  
To truthfulness I feel me now inclined.  
She has been stolen from me! But, to do it,  
Who has dared! On him shall vengeance alight!  
Grief for my beloved one vengeance demands!

## ATTO II.

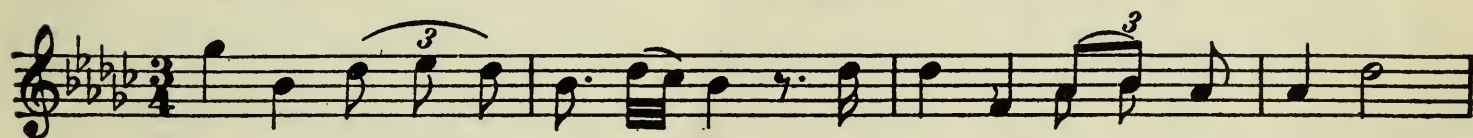
SCENA I—Salotto nel Palazzo DUCALE. Vi sono due porte laterali, una maggiore nel fondo che si chiude. A' suoi lati pendono i ritratti, in tutta figura, a sinistra, del DUCA, a destra della sua sposa. V' ha un seggiolone presso una tavola coperta di velluto, ed altri mobili.

(Entra il DUCA, dal mezzo, agitato.)

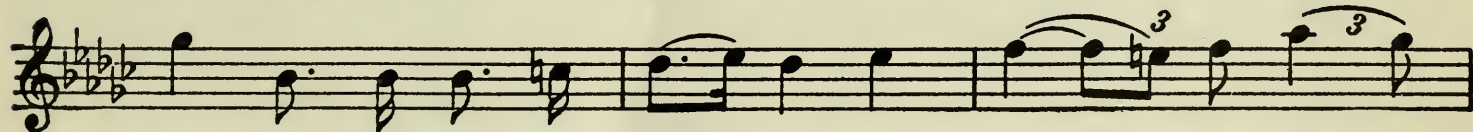
*Duca.*

Ella mia fu rapita!  
E quando, o ciel?—ne' brevi istanti, prima.  
Che un mio presagio interno  
Sull' orma corsa ancora mi spingesse!  
Schiuso era l'uscio! la magion deserta!  
E dove ora sarà quell' angiol caro!  
Coei che potè prima in questo core  
Destar la fiamma di costanti affetti?  
Coei sì pura, al cui modesto accento  
Quasi tratto a virtù talor mi credo!  
Ella mi fu rapita!  
E chi l'ardiva?—ma ne avro vendetta:  
Lo chiede il pianto della mia diletta.

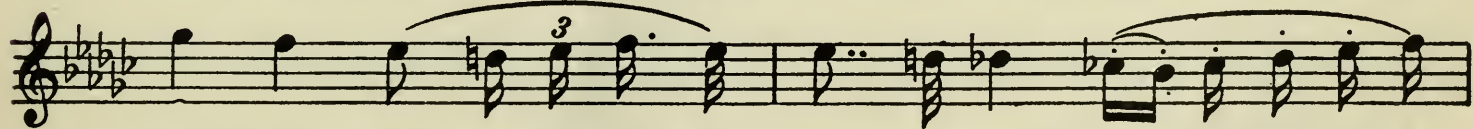
## PARMI VEDER LE LAGRIME — DEAR MAID, EACH TEAR Air (Duke)



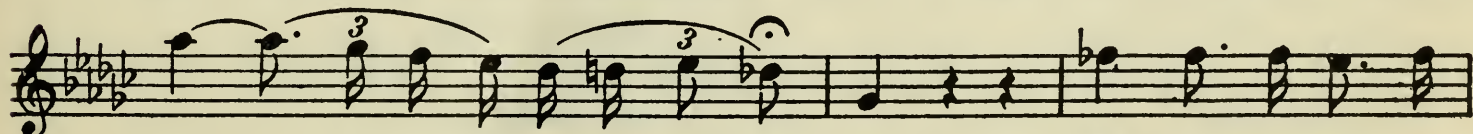
Par - mi ve - der le la - gri - me Scor - ren - ti da quel ci - glio,  
Dear maid, each tear of thine that falls, Each sad sigh that bos - om heav - ing,



Quand - do fra il dub - bio e l'an - sia Del su - bi - to pe -  
Pin - ing with - in some dark walls, Fills me with pain and



reg - lio, Dell' a - mor no - stro me - mo - re, Dell' a - mor no - stre  
griev - ing. Ah! vain - ly didst thou cry to me, Ah! vain - ly didst thou.



me - mo - re, Il suo Gual - tier chia - mò. Ned ei pe - tea soc -  
cry — to me, "Help me, dear Wal - ter, help!" I then, a - las! was

## RIGOLETTO

cor - rer - ti, Ca - ra fan - ciul - la a - ma - ta;  
far a - way, No aid could I af - ford thee;

Ei che vor - ria coll' a - ni - ma Far - ti quag - giù be -  
Yet, could my life thy woes re - pay, Glad - ly ex - changed it

a - ta; Ei che le sfe - rea gl'an - ge - li, Ei che le sfe - rea  
should be. Not e'en the an - gels' blest a - bode Could peace to me re -

gl'an - ge - li Per te non in - vi - diò, Ei che le  
store, to me re - store, from thee a - part; Could peace to

sfe - re; Le sfe - rea gl'an - ge - li Per te, per te Le sfe - rea -  
me re - store: Not e'en the an - gels' blest a - bode Could peace to

gl'an - ge - li Per te non in - vi - diò, non in - vi - diò.  
me re - store, Could peace to me re - store, from thee a - part.

(Enter MARULLO, CEPRANO, BORSA, and other courtiers.)

*All.*

Oh, Duke! oh, Duke!

*Duke.*

What news?

*All.*

From Rigoletto

We have carried off his mistress.

*Duke.*

Capital! Where is she?

*All.*

In your palace.

*Duke.*

Ah, ah! tell me how 'twas done?

(Entrano MARULLO, CEPRANO, BORSA, ed altri cortigiani.)

*Tutti.*

Duca, Duca!

*Duca.*

Ebben?

*Tutti.*

L'amante

Fu rapita a Rigoletto.

*Duca.*

Bella! e d'onde?

*Tutti.*

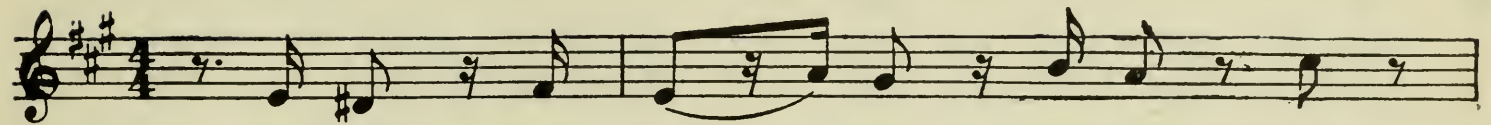
Dal suo tetto.

*Duca.*

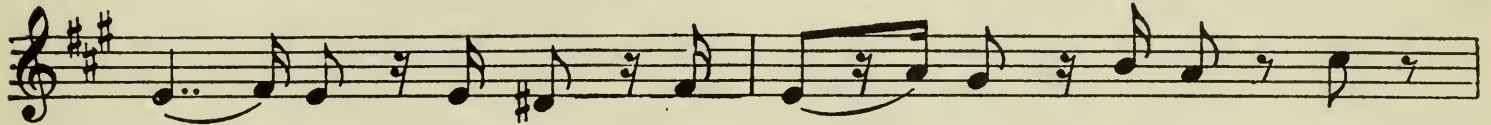
Ah, ah; dite, come fu?



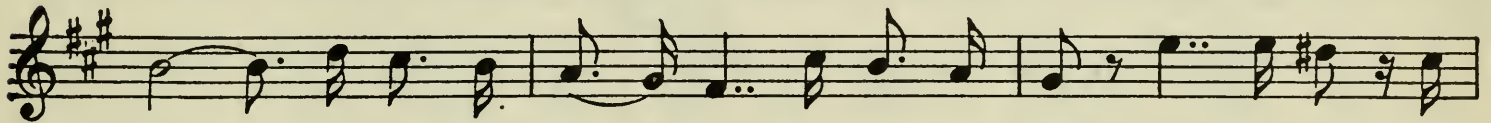
## SCORRENDO UNITI—AS WE WITH GLEE (Chorus)



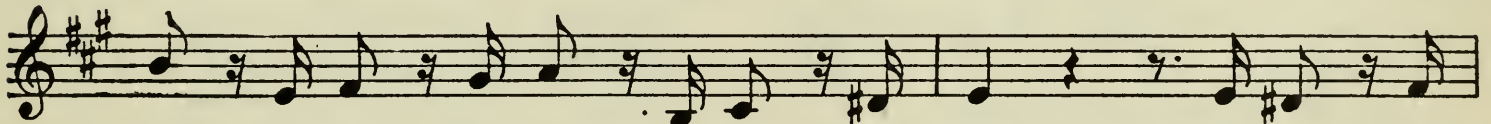
Scor-ren - dou - ni - ti re - mo - ta  
As we with glee on mis - chief bent last



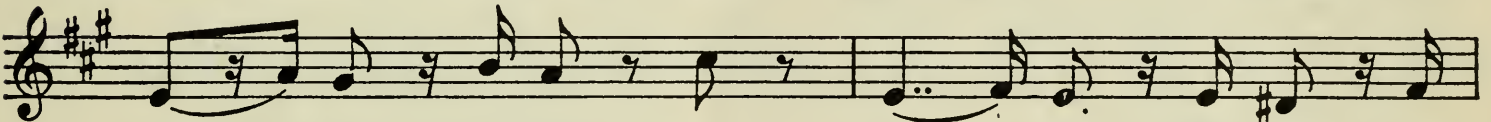
vi - a Bre - v'o - ra do - po ca - du - to il  
night roved, When hush'd in peace - ful sleep the world seem'd



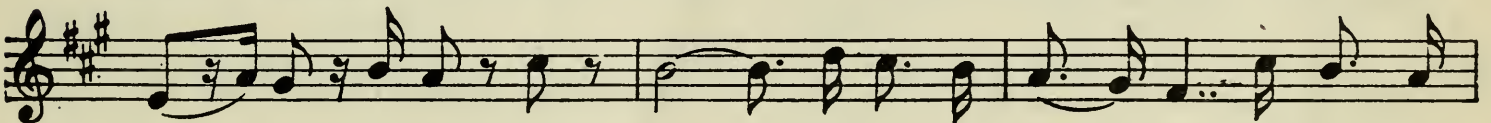
di, — Co-me pre - vi - sto ben s'e - rain pri - a, Ra-ra bel-  
bu - ried, The one we sought we met, a - lone, mis - trust - ing, Be-side the



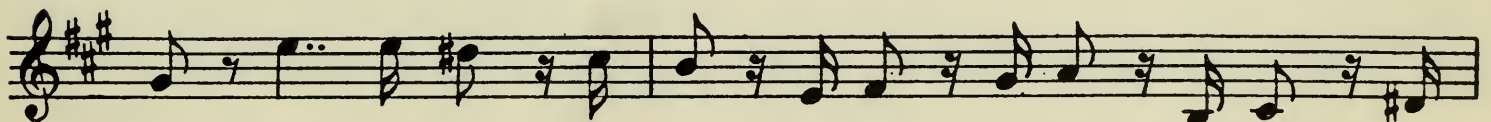
tà ci si sco-pri, ci si sco - pri. E - ra l'a -  
house in which we guess'd the bird was caged. The charm - ing



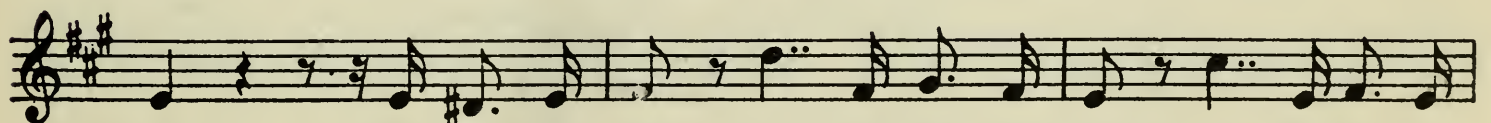
man - te di Ri - go - let - to Che, vis - ta ap-  
fair was Ri - go - let - to's mis - tress; But she af -



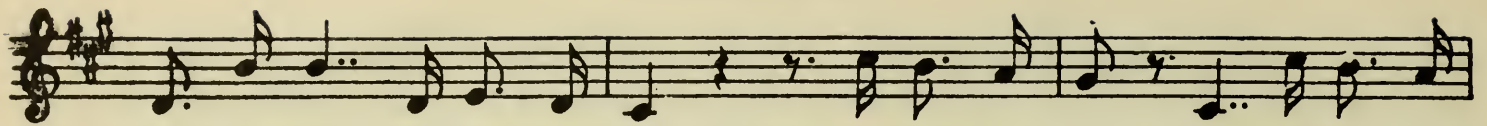
pe - na, si di - le - guò. — Già di ra - pir - la s'a-vea il pro -  
fright-ed to her home then ran; — The jest - er then ap-pear'd, with whom we



get - to, Quan-do il buf - fon ver noi spun-tò, ver noi spun-  
sport - ed: "Give us thy aid, Ce - pra - no's wife to steal a -

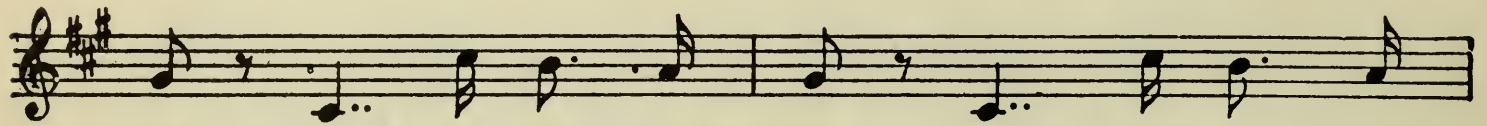


tò; Che di Ce - pra - no noi la Con - tes - sa Ra-pir vo-  
way! The trap he fell in; oh, sport worth tell - ing! A ban-dage



les - si - mo, stol - to, cre - de;  
then we placed be - fore his eyes;

La sca - la quin - di all'uo - po  
A lad - der quick - ly placed to the



mes - sa, Ben - da - to, ei stes - so fer - ma te -  
win - dow, We bade him stand by, and firm - ly



nè, La sca - la quin - di ei stes - so, ei stes - so fer - ma, fer - ma te - nè.  
hold. Ah, yes, he firm - ly held the lad - der; the lad - der firm - ly held.

*All.*

In haste we mounted, and searched the  
chambers,  
And with the lady away we sped;  
But when he'd found out the trick we'd  
played him,  
He raved for vengeance upon our heads.

*Duke.*

(What do I hear? Of my own charmer  
they are speaking!  
I have yet a chance of regaining her.)  
But where is the poor creature to be found?  
(To the Chorus.)

*All.*

All proper care we have taken of her.

*Tutti.*

Salimmo, e rapida la giovinetta,  
Ci venne, fatte quinci asportar.  
Quand' ei s'accorse della vendetta  
Restò scornato ad imprecar.

*Duca.*

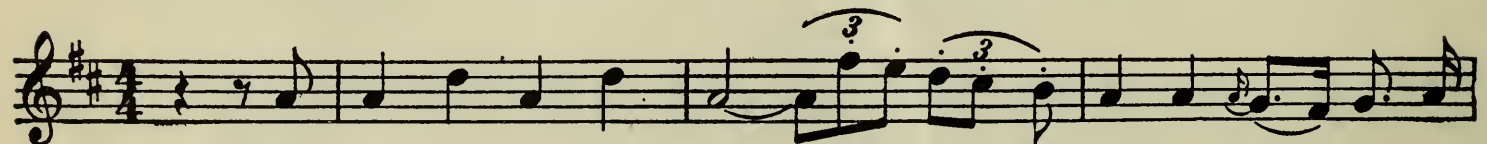
(Che sento?—è dessa la mia diletta!  
Ah, tutto il cielo non mi rapì!)  
Ma dove or trovasi, la poveretta?

(Al Coro.)

*Tutti.*

Fu da noi stessi addotta or qui.

POSSENTE AMOR — TO HER I LOVE Air (Duke)

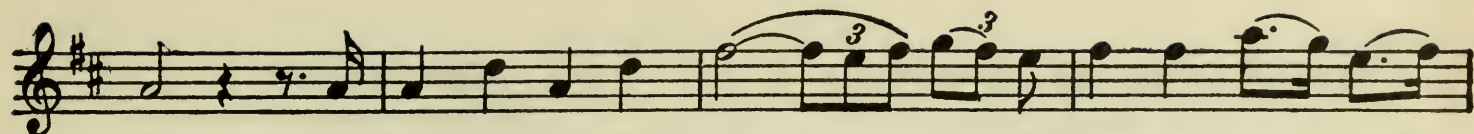


Pos - sen - te a - mor mi chia - ma, Vo - lar io deg - gio a  
To her I love with rap - ture, I must with speed flee a -

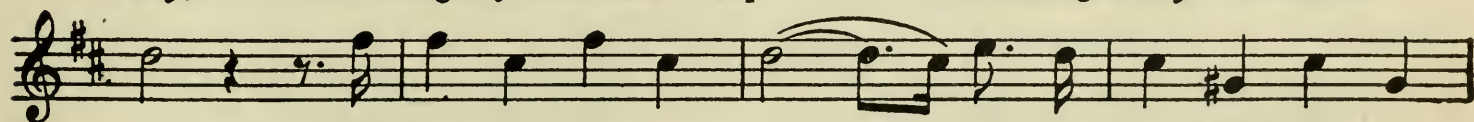


le - i; Il ser - to mio da - rei Per con - so - lar quel  
vay;— All thought of her base cap - ture I'll gen - tly soothe a -

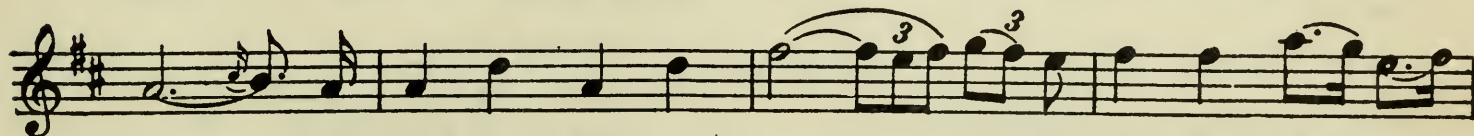




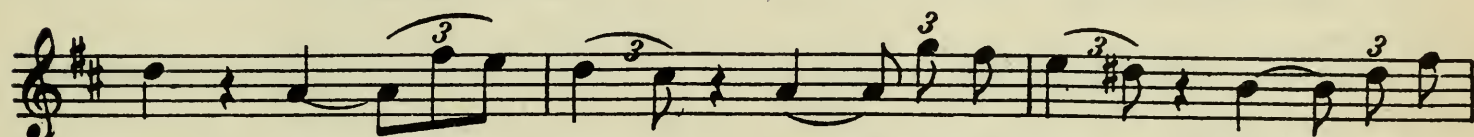
cor. Il ser - to mio da - rei — Per con - so - lar\_ quel\_  
way; All thought of her base cap - ture I'll gen - tly soothe a -



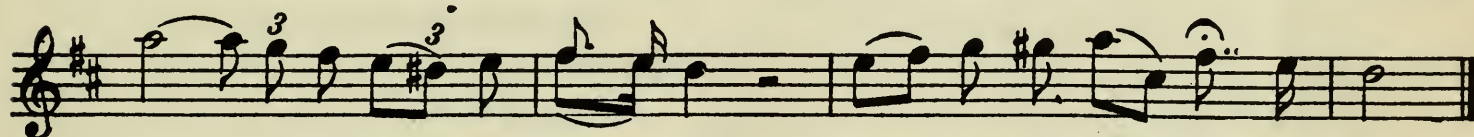
cor. Ah! sap - pial - fin chi l'a - ma Co - no - sca al - fin chi  
way. From her my name and sta - tion I can - not now con -



so - no, Ap - pren - do ch'an - co in tro - no Ha deg - li schia - vi A -  
ceal, — Yet, free from ob - ser - va - tion, I may my love re -



mor; Ap - - pren - do ch'an - co in tro - no, ch'an - co in  
veal; I — may — my — love re - veal — I — may my



tro - no Ha deg - li schia - vi, Ha - deg - li schia - vi A - mor.  
love, yes, my love to her re - veal, My - love to her may re - veal.

(What new thought now has seized him—  
A sudden change has just come o'er him.)

*Marullo.*

Unlucky Rigoletto!—

*Chorus.*

Here he comes—be silent, all.

(Enter RIGOLETTO.)

*All.*

Good morning to you, Rigoletto.

*Rigoletto.*

(They are all of them in the plot.)

*Ceprano.*

What news do you bring,  
Buffoon?

*Rigoletto.*

More than ever  
Are you wearisome to me.

*All.*

Ah! ah! ah!

(O qual pensiero l'agita  
Come congiò d'umor!)

*Marullo.*

Povero Rigoletto!—

*Coro.*

Ei vien—silenzio.

(Entra RIGOLETTO.)

*Tutti.*

Buon giorno, Rigoletto—

*Rigoletto.*

(Han tutti fatto il colpo!)

*Ceprano.*

Ch' hai di nuovo,  
Buffon?

*Rigoletto.*

Che dell' usato  
Più noioso voi siete.

*Tutti.*

Ah! ah! ah!

*Rigoletto.*

(Whither can they have carried her?)

(Looking about anxiously.)

*All.*

(See how uneasy he appears!)

*Rigoletto*

(sardonically).

Happy I am

To see that no hurt you have taken

From the cold air of last night.

*Marullo.*

Last night, said you?

*Rigoletto.*

Yes—Ah! 'twas a capital trick.

*Marullo.*

I was asleep, all night.

*Rigoletto.*

Oh! you were asleep! then I have been dreaming!

(He is about to go, when, seeing a handkerchief on the table, he anxiously examines the cipher on it.)

*All.*

(See how everything he scrutinizes!)

*Rigoletto.*

(It is not hers.)

(Throwing it down.)

Is the Duke still sleeping?

*All.*

Yes, he is still sleeping!

(Enter a Page of the DUCHESS.)

*Page.*

The Duchess desires to speak to her lord.

*Ceprano.*

He sleeps.

*Page.*

Was he not here but lately?

*Borsa.*

He has gone hunting.

*Page.*

Without his suite! without arms!

*All.*

Canst thou not understand,

That for a short time he cannot be seen?

*Rigoletto*

(who has been anxiously listening, suddenly rushes amongst them, and exclaims:)

Ah! she is here, then She is with the Duke!

*All.*

Who?

*Rigoletto.*

(Dove l'avran nascosta?)

(Spiando inquieto dovunque.)

*Tutti.*

(Guardate com' è inquieto!)

*Rigoletto.*

Son felice

Che nulla a voi nuocesse

L'aria di questa notte.

*Marullo.*

Questa notte!

*Rigoletto.*

Sì—Ah! fu il bel colpo!

*Marullo.*

S' ho dormito sempre!

*Rigoletto.*

Ah! voi dormiste! avrò dunque sognato!

(S'allontana, e vendendo un fazzoletto sopra una tavola ne osserva inquieto la cifra.)

*Tutti.*

(Ve' come tutto osserva!)

*Rigoletto.*

(Non è il suo.)

(Gettandolo.)

Dorme il Duca tuttor?

*Tutti.*

Sì, dorme ancora.

(Entra un Paggio della DUCHESSA.)

*Paggio.*

Al suo sposo parlar vuol la Duchessa.

*Ceprano.*

Dorme.

*Paggio.*

Quì or or con voi non era?

*Borsa.*

E a caccia.

*Paggio.*

Senza paggi! senz' armi!

*Tutti.*

E non capisci

Che vedere per ora non può alcuno?

*Rigoletto*

(che a parte è stato attentissimo al dialogo, balzando improvviso tra loro prorompe).

Ah, ell' è quì dunque! Ell' è col Duca!

*Tutti.*

Chi?



*Rigoletto.*

The maiden whom last night  
From my house you forced away.

*All.*

You must be mad.

*Rigoletto.*

But I will have her back—she must be here.

*All.*

If your mistress you have lost, elsewhere  
Seek for her.

*Rigoletto.*

I will have back my daughter!

*All.*

His daughter, says he?

*Rigoletto.*

Yes, she is my daughter; you will not now  
O'er such a victory exult.  
She is here, I will have her, give her back  
to me!

(He rushes towards the door in the centre, but the courtiers bar his progress.)

Minions, sycophants, panders, thieves,  
At what price have you my daughter sold?  
Your sordid souls no crime intimidates,  
But priceless is a daughter to her father.  
Restore her, or, though unarmed I am,  
Fearfully shall this hand assail ye;  
Naught on earth can a father dismay,  
When the honor of his child he doth defend!

Assassins, open that door, and let me pass.

(He again attempts to pass the door, but is restrained by the courtiers; he struggles with them for a while and then sinks exhausted to the ground.)

Ah! come ye thus all against me!

(Weeping.)

Well, see; I weep! Marullo—Signor,  
In heart and mien thou seemest gentle,—  
Tell me where they have my daughter hidden!

Is she here? Tell me truly! Silent! Why?  
O, my lords, I pray you to have pity on me—  
To an old man give back his daughter!  
To restore her will you nothing cost,  
While to me my child is all the world.

(Enter GILDA, through the doorway on the left. She rushes into the arms of her father.)

*Gilda.*

O, my father!

*Rigoletto.*

Le giovin che stanotte  
A mio tetto rapisti—

*Tutti.*

'Tu deliri!

*Rigoletto.*

Ma la saprò riprender—Ella è quì.

*Tutti.*

Se l'amante perdesti, la ricerca  
Altrove.

*Rigoletto.*

Io vo' mia figlia!

*Tutti.*

La sua figlia!

*Rigoletto.*

Sì, la mia figlia—D'unta tal vittoria—  
Che? adesso non ridete?  
Ella è là, la vogl' io, la renderete.

(Corre verso la porta di mezzo, ma i cortigiani gli attraversano il passaggio.)

Cortigiani, vil razza dannata,  
Per qual prezzo vendeste il mio bene?  
A voi nulla per l'oro sconviene,  
Ma mia figlia è impagabil tesoro.  
La rendete—o se pur disarmata  
Questa man per voi fora cruenta;  
Nulla in terra più l'uomo paventa,  
Se dei figli difende l'onore.  
Quella porta, assassina, m'aprite:

(Si getta ancor sulla porta che gli è nuovamente chiusa dai gentiluomini; lotta alquanto, poi torna spossato sul davanti del teatro.)

Ah! voi tutti a me contro venite!

(Piange.)

Ebben piango—Marullo—signore,  
Tu ch' hai l'anima gentil come il core,  
Dimmi or tu, dove l'hanno nascosta?  
E là? E vero? tu taci? perchè?  
Miei signori—Perdono, pietate;  
Al vegliardo la figlia ridate;  
Ridornarla a voi nulla ora costa,  
Tutto il mondo è tal figlia per me.

(Entra GILDA, ch' esce dalla stanza a sinistra, e si getta nelle paterne braccia.)

*Gilda.*

Mio padre!

*Rigoletto.*

O God! my own Gilda!  
 Signors, in her you behold  
 My whole family. Have no further fear,  
 My angel child! It was a joke—was it not  
 so? (To the courtiers.)  
 I wept, but now I laugh. Yet thou—why  
 weepest thou?

*Gilda.*

For shame, father! I have been maltreated!

*Rigoletto.*

Heaven! what say'st thou?

*Gilda*

What I have to say no one else must hear.

*Rigoletto*

(turning towards the courtiers, imperatively).  
 Away, away! all of ye!  
 And if your Duke should hither dare ap-  
 proach,  
 Tell him not to enter—for I am here.  
 (Falling into a chair.)

*All.*

(With children and madmen  
 It is sometimes well to simulate;  
 Therefore will we depart; but what he does  
 We will not fail unseen to watch.)

(Exeunt through doorway in front, closing it after them.)

*Rigoletto.*

Now speak—we are alone.

*Gilda.*

(Heaven, now grant me courage!)  
 Whene'er to church I went,  
 There my prayers to say,  
 A youth of handsome mien  
 Before me always stood.  
 Although our lips were silent,  
 Our hearts discoursed through our eyes.  
 Stealthily, in night's darkness,  
 While alone, he came to me:  
 "A student poor am I,"  
 Plaintively he said to me;  
 And with ardent sighings  
 His love for me protested.  
 Then he left me; and my heart  
 To hope's bright visions opened,  
 When men ferocious and unlook'd-for  
 Tore me from our home away.

*Rigoletto.*

Dio! mia Gilda!  
 Signori, in essa è tutta  
 La mia famiglia. Non temer più nulla,  
 Angelo mio—fu scherzo non è vero?  
 (Ai cortigiani.)  
 Io che pur piansi or rido—E tu a che piangi?

*Gilda.*

Ah! l'onta, padre mio!

*Rigoletto.*

Cielo! che dici?

*Gilda.*

Arrossir voglio innanzi a voi soltanto.

*Rigoletto*

(trivolto ai cortigiani, con imperioso modo.)  
 Ite di quà, voi tutti—  
 Se il Duca vostro d'appressarsi osasse,  
 Che non entri gli dite, e ch' io ci sono.  
 (Si abbandona sul seggiolone.)

*Tutti.*

(Co' fanciulli e coi dementi  
 Spesso giova il simular.  
 Partiam pur, ma quel ch' ei tenti  
 Non lasciamo d'osservar.)  
 (Escon dal mezzo e chindon la porta.)

*Rigoletto.*

Parla—siam soli.

*Gilda.*

(Ciel, dammi coraggio!)  
 Tutte le feste al tempio  
 Mentre pregava Iddio,  
 Bello e fatale un giovane  
 S'offerse al guardo mio—  
 Se i labbri nostri tacquero,  
 Dagli occhi il cor parlò.  
 Furtivo fra le tenebre  
 Sol iera a me giungeva;  
 Sono studente, povero,  
 Commosso mi diceva,  
 E con ardente palpito  
 Amor mi protestò.  
 Parti—il mio core aprivasi  
 A speme più gradita,  
 Quando improvvisi apparvero  
 Color che m' han rapita,



And hither forcibly brought me,  
To my ruin and dismay.

*Rigoletto.*

Stop—say no more, my angel—  
(I know all! Avenging Heaven,  
Upon my head falls the infamy  
I have of thee invoked!) O God!  
That she might be exalted,  
How miserably have I fallen!  
Ah! often near the altar  
The scaffold should be reared;  
But now all is out of order,  
And e'en the altar desecrated.  
Weep, my child, and let thy tears  
Within thy father's bosom fall.

*Gilda.*

Father, like an angel you speak to me  
These words of consolation.

*Rigoletto.*

What must be done I will quickly dispose  
of,  
And then for ever will we quit this fatal  
place.

*Gilda.*

Yes!

*Rigoletto.*

How changed in one short day may be our  
destiny!

(Enter a Herald and the COUNT MONTERONE, who is  
marched across the back of the stage, between guards.)

*Herald.*

Make way; he is ordered to the prison of  
Castiglione.

(To the guards.)

*Monterone.*

Since in vain thou hast by me been cursed,  
(Stopping before the portrait.)  
The wrath of neither heaven nor earth can  
reach thee,  
And happy wilt thou yet live, O Duke!  
(Exit, between the guards.)

*Rigoletto.*

No, old man, not so—thou shalt be avenged!  
Yes, vengeance, dire vengeance, awaits thee!  
The one hope of my soul is thee to punish!  
And the hour of retribution is nigh  
That to thee shall prove fatal.

E a forza quì m'addussero  
Nell' ansia più crudel.

*Rigoletto.*

Non dir; non più, mio angelo.  
(T'intendo, avverso ciel!  
Solo per me l'infamia  
A te chiedeva, o Dio!  
Ch' ella potesse ascendere  
Quanto caduto er' io;  
Ah! presso del patibolo  
Bisogna ben l'altare!  
Ma tutto ora scompare;  
L'altar si roversciò!)  
Piangi, fanciulla, e scorrere  
Fa il pianto sul mio cor.

*Gilda.*

Padrè, in voi parla un angelo  
Per me consolator.

*Rigoletto.*

Compiuto pur quanto a fare mi resta,  
Lasciare potremo quest' aura funesta.

*Gilda.*

Sì.

*Rigoletto.*

(E tutto un sol giorno cangiare potè!)

(Entra un Usciere ed il CONTE DI MONTERONE, che dalla  
destra attraversa il fondo della sala fra gli alabardieri.)

*Usciere.*

Schiudete—ire al carcere Castiglione dee.

(Alle guardie.)

*Monterone.*

Poichè fosti invano da me maledetto,  
(Fermandosi verso il ritratto.)  
Nè un fulmine o un ferro colpiva il tuo  
petto,  
Felice per anco, o Duca, vivrai—  
(Esce fra le guardie dal mezzo.)

*Rigoletto.*

No, vecchio, t'inganni—un vindice avrai.  
Sì, vendetta, tremenda vendetta  
Di quest' anima è solo desio—  
Di punirti giù—l'ora s'affretta,  
Che fatale per te tuonerà.

Like thunder from the heavens hurled,  
Shall fall the blow of the despised buffoon.

*Gilda.*

O father dear, what joy ferocious  
I see your flashing eyes light up!  
Ah! pardon him, as we ourselves  
The pardon of heaven hope to gain.  
(I dare not say how much I love him,  
And pity him who none for me hath  
shown!)

(Exeunt, through centre door.)

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

### ACT III.

SCENE I—A desolate place on the banks of the Mincio. On the right, with its front to the audience, a house, two stories high, in a very dilapidated state, which is nevertheless used as an inn. The doors and walls are so full of crevices, that whatever is going on within can be seen from without. In front, the road and the river. In the distance, the city of Mantua. It is night.

(GILDA and RIGOLETTO discovered, in apparent altercation, SPARAFUCILE seen in the house, cleaning his belt, unconscious of what is going on outside.)

*Rigoletto.*

Yet you love him?

*Gilda.*

I cannot help it.

*Rigoletto.*

Surely

This madness ere now you should have conquered.

*Gilda.*

Yet I love him!

*Rigoletto.*

How weak is the heart of woman!

Her vile seducer she'd forgive—

But avenged thou shalt be, my Gilda.

*Gilda.*

Have pity on him, dear father!

*Rigoletto.*

If of his treachery I convince you,

Will you then from your heart discard him?

*Gilda.*

I do not know;—but he to me is true.

*Rigoletto.*

He!

Come fulmin scagliato da Dio  
Il buffone colpirti saprà.

*Gilda.*

O, mio padre, qual gioja feroce,  
Balenarvi negli occhi vegg' io!

Perdonate—a noi pure una voce

Di perdono dal cielo verrà.

(Mi tradiva, pur l'amo, gran Dio,  
Per l'ingrato ti chiedo pietà!)

(Escon dal mezzo.)

FINE DELL' ATTO SECONDO.

### ATTO III.

SCENA I—Deserta sponda del Mincio. A sinistra è una casa in due piani, mezzo diroccata, la cui fronte, volta allo spettatore, lascia vedere per una grande arcata l'interno d'una rustica osteria; il muro poi n'è sì pien di fessure, che dal di fuori si può facilmente scorgere quanto avviene nell'interno. Al di là del fiume è Mantova. È notte.

(GILDA e RIGOLETTO inquieto, sono sulla strada. SPARAFUCILE nell'interno dell'osteria, seduto presso una tavola sta ripulendo il suo cinturone, senza nulla intendere di quanto accade al di fuori.)

*Rigoletto.*

E l'ami?

*Gilda.*

Sempre.

*Rigoletto.*

Pure

Tempo a guarirne t'ho lasciato.

*Gilda.*

Io l'amo.

*Rigoletto.*

Povero cor di donna! Ah, il vile infame!

Ma avrai vendetta, o Gilda—

*Gilda.*

Pietà, mio padre—

*Rigoletto.*

E se tu certa fossi

Ch'ei ti tradisse, l'ameresti ancora?

*Gilda.*

Nol so, ma pur m'adora.

*Rigoletto.*

Egli!



*Gilda.*

Yes.

*Rigoletto.*

Well, then, this way come, and see.

(He conducts her to one of the crevices in the wall, and motions her to look through.)

*Gilda.*

A man, surely,

I see!

*Rigoletto.*

Wait a little longer.

(Enter the DUKE, dressed as a private soldier, through a door on the left, opening into the ground-floor room.)

*Gilda.*

Ah, my father!

(Surprised.)

*Duke.*

Two things I want, and quickly.

(TO SPARAFUCILE.)

*Sparafucile.*

What are they?

*Duke.*

A room and some wine.

*Rigoletto.*

(His usual custom, no doubt.)

*Sparafucile.*

(Oh! the fine gentleman!)

(Goes off into an adjoining room.)

*Gilda.*

Sì.

*Rigoletto.*

Ebbene, osserva dunque.

(La conduce presso una delle fezzure del muro, ed ella vi guarda.)

*Gilda.*

Un uomo

Vedo.

*Rigoletto.*

Per poco attendi.

(Entra il DUCA, in assisa di semplice ufficiale di cavalleria nella sala terrena per un aperta a sinistra.)

*Gilda.*

Ah, padre mio!

(Trasalendo.)

*Duca.*

Due cose, e tosto—

(A SPARAFUCILE.)

*Sparafucile.*

Quali?

*Duca.*

Una stanza e del vino—

*Rigoletto.*

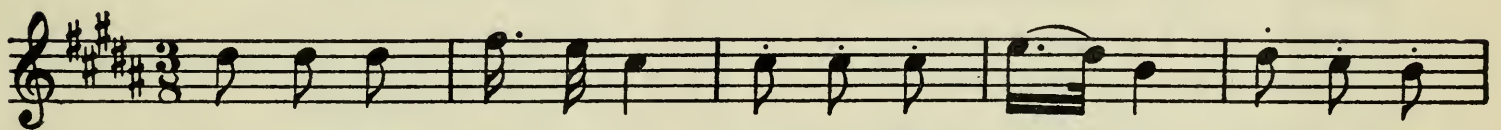
(Son questi i suoi costumi!)

*Sparafucile.*

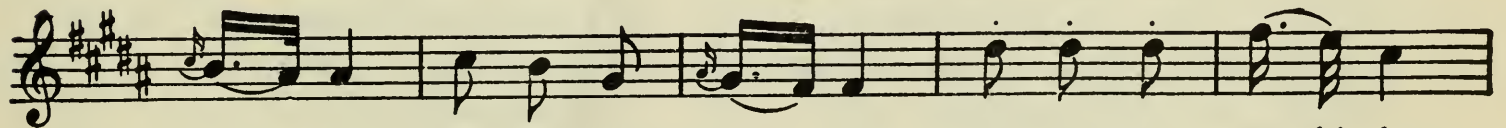
(Oh, il bel zerbino!)

(Parte nella vicina stanza.)

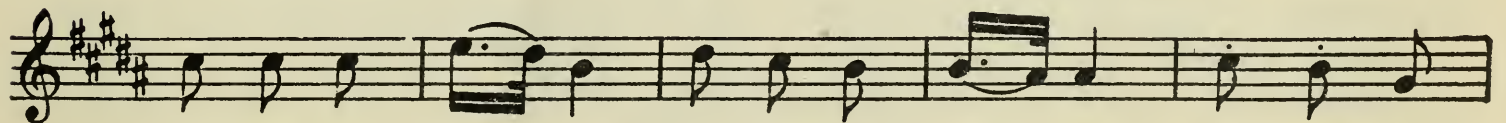
## LA DONNA E MOBILE — HOW FICKLE WOMEN ARE Air (Duke)



La don-na è mo - bi - le Qual piu-mai ven - to, Mu - ta d'ac -  
 How fick - le wo - men are, Fleet-ing as fall-ing star, Chan-ging for



cen - to; E di pen - sie - ro. Sem-pre un-a - ma - bi - le  
 ev - er; Con-stant, ah! nev - er; Like feath-ers fly - ing,



Leg-gia-dro vi - so In pian-to o in ri - so, E men - zo -  
 On the wind hie - ing Ev - er in mo - tion, Like waves of

gne - ro La don-na è - mo - bil Qual piu-maal ven - to,  
o - cean. Yet there's no feel - ing Love's pleas-ure steal - ing,

Mu - ta d'ac - cen - to e di pen - sier,  
Like that of seal - ing Their lips with a kiss, Their

e di pen - sier! e di pen - sier!  
lips with a kiss! Their lips with a kiss!

(Re-enter SPARAFUCILE, with a bottle of wine and two glasses, which he places on the table, and then twice strikes the ceiling with the hilt of his sword. At this signal, MADDELENE, a smiling lass, in Gipsy costume, descends by a ladder. The DUKE approaches to embrace her, but she repulses him. Meanwhile SPARAFUCILE goes out into the road, and says to RIGOLETTO:)

Your man is there! Is he to live or die?

*Rigoletto.*

Wait awhile; and then my pleasure you shall learn.

(SPARAFUCILE goes off between the house and the river, GILDA and RIGOLETTO remaining in the road.)

*Duke.*

One day, if I remember rightly,  
O beauty bright, I thee encountered,  
And ever since I've sought thee out,  
Till here at last I've found thee;  
Ah! now believe me, while I swear,  
That henceforth this heart will thee adore.

*Maddelene.*

Ah, ah! and since then twenty others  
Are by you quite as much remembered,  
(To give the gentleman his due, though,  
He has a cavalier-like bearing.)

*Duke.*

Yes; a bad one I am!

(Attempts to kiss her.)

*Maddelene.*

Leave me alone,  
Stupid, do.

*Duke.*

Eh! what a fuss!

(Rientra SPARAFUCILE, con una bottiglia di vino e due bicchieri, che depone sulla tavola, quindi batte col pomo della sua lunga spada due colpi al soffitto. A quel segnale, una ridente GIOVANE, in costume di Zingara, scende a salti la scala. Il DUCA corre per abbracciarla, ma ella gli sfugge. Frattanto SPARAFUCILE, uscito sulla via, dice a parte a RIGOLETTO:)

E là il vostr' uomo—viver dee o morire?

*Rigoletto.*

Più tardi tornerò l'opra a compire.

(SPARAFUCILE si allontana dietro la casa lungo il fiume, GILDA e RIGOLETTO sulla via.)

*Duca.*

Un dì, se ben rammentomi,  
O, bella, t'incontrai,  
Mi piacque di te chiedere,  
E intesi che quì stai.  
Or sappi, che d'allora  
Sol te quest' alma adora.

*Maddalena.*

Ah, ah!—e vent' altre appresso  
Le scorda forse adesso?  
(Ha un' aria il signorino  
Da vero libertino.)

*Duca.*

Sì; un mostro son!

(Per abbracciarla.)

*Maddalena.*

Lasciatemi,  
Stordito.

*Duca.*

Ih! che fracasso!



*Maddelene.*

Be quiet, will you?

*Duke.*

If you'll be gentle,  
And not make so much resistance.  
When the joys of love await us,  
Virtue need not be so prudish.

(Taking her hand.)

How beautiful and white your hand is.

*Maddelene.*

You're pleased to joke me, signor.

*Duke.*

No, no.

*Maddelene.*

I know I'm ugly.

*Duke.*

Embrace me.

*Maddelene.*

Thou'rt drunk!

*Duke.*

With love of thee I may be.

(Laughing.)

*Maddelene.*

Signor, these words unmeaning  
Why to me address?

*Duke.*

No, no—I will marry you.

*Maddelene.*

Your word of honor, then, give me.

*Duke.*

Most lovely of your sex art thou!

(Ironically.)

*Rigoletto.*

Well! have you now heard enough?

(To GILDA, who has seen and heard all that has passed.)

*Gilda.*

Oh! the wicked traitor!

*Duke.*

Ah! of Venus the fairest daughter,  
The slave of your charms here behold;  
One word from thy beautiful lips  
My suffering alone can assuage;  
Come, and my fond heart relieve  
Of its anxious palpitations.

*Maddelene.*

Ah, ah! with all my heart I laugh  
At stories which so little cost;

*Maddalena.*

Stia saggio.

*Duca.*

E tu sii docile,  
Non farmi tanto chiasso.  
Ogni saggezza chiudesi  
Nel guadio e nell' amore.  
(Le prende la mano.)  
La bella mano candida!

*Maddalena.*

Scherzate voi, signore.

*Duca.*

No, no.

*Maddalena.*

Son brutta.

*Duca.*

Abbracciami.

*Maddalena.*

Ebro.

*Duca.*

D'amore ardente.

(Ridendo.)

*Maddalena.*

Signor, l'indifferente,  
Vi piace canzonar?

*Duca.*

No, no—ti 'vo' sposar.

*Maddalena.*

Ne voglio la parola.

*Duca.*

Amabile figliuola!

(Ironico.)

*Rigoletto.*

Ebben?—ti basta ancor?

(A GILDA, che avrà tutto osservato ed inteso.)

*Gilda.*

Iniquo traditor!

*Duca.*

Bella figlia dell' amore,  
Schiavo son de' vezzi tuoi;  
Con un detto sol tu puoi  
Le mie pene consolar.  
Vieni, e senti del mio core  
Il frequente palpar.

*Maddalena.*

Ah! ah! rido bèn di core,  
Chè tai baie costan poco;

Your jokes I prize, you may believe me,  
At just as much as they are worth.  
Accustomed am I, my gallant signor,  
To badinage as good as this.

*Gilda.*

Ah! thus to me of love he spoke,  
Thus the wretch hath me betrayed;  
Unhappy me!—forlorn, deserted,  
With anguish how my heart doth ache!  
Oh! what a weak credulity  
In such a libertine to trust!

*Rigoletto.*

Be silent;—now to grieve is useless;  
That he deceived thee thus thou see'st;  
Be silent, and on me depend  
Vengeance eternal to insure;  
Prompt as dreadful shall it be—  
Like thunder on his head 'twill fall!  
Hear me;—at once to the house return,  
What gold you may require there obtain;  
A horse provide, and the apparel of a youth;  
Then to Verona hasten,  
Where to-morrow I will join thee.

*Gilda.*

Come now with me.

*Rigoletto.*

Impossible.

*Gilda.*

I tremble.

*Rigoletto.*

Go.

(Exit GILDA.)

(RIGOLETTO goes behind the house, and returns in conversation with SPARAFUCILE. During the scene between them the DUKE and MADDELINE remain seated in the inn, talking, laughing, and drinking.)

*Rigoletto.*

Twenty crown-pieces, say you?—Here are  
ten;  
When the deed is done, ten more you shall  
have.  
Is he still here?

*Sparafucile.*

Yes.

*Rigoletto.*

At the hour of midnight.  
I shall return.

Quanto valga il vostro giuoco,  
Mel credete, so apprezzar.  
Sono avvezza, bel signore,  
Ad un simile schervar.

*Gilda.*

Ah! così parlar d'amore  
A me pur l'infame ho udito!  
Infelice cor tradito,  
Per angoscia non scoppiar.  
Perchè o credulo mio core,  
Un tal uom dovevi amar!

*Rigoletto.*

Taci, il piangere non vale;  
(A GILDA.)  
Ch' ei mentiva or sei sicura—  
Taci, e mia sarà la cura  
La vendetta, d'affrettar.  
Pronta fia, sarà fatale;  
Io saprollo fulminar.  
M'odi, ritorna a casa—  
Oro prendi, un destriero,  
Una veste viril che t'apprestai,  
E per Verona parti—  
Sarrovvi io pur domani—

*Gilda.*

Or venite.

*Rigoletto.*

Impossibil.

*Gilda.*

Tremo.

*Rigoletto.*

Va.

(GILDA parte.)

(RIGOLETTO va dietro la casa, e ritorna parlando con SPARAFUCILE e contandogli della monete. Durante questa scena e la seguente il DUCA e MADDALENA stanno fra loro parlando, ridendo, bevendo.)

*Rigoletto.*

Venti scudi hai tu detto? Eccone dieci;  
E dopo l'opera il resto.  
Ei quì rimane?

*Sparafucile.*

Sì.

*Rigoletto.*

Alla mezzanotte  
Ritornerò.



*Sparafucile.*

You need not hurry.  
Alone into the river I can cast him.

*Rigoletto.*

No, no,—I wish to throw him in myself.

*Sparafucile.*

Well, so let it be. But what is his name?

*Rigoletto.*

Perhaps of both you'd like to know the names?

His name is *Crime*, and mine is *Punishment*.

(Exit—the darkness increases, distant thunder heard.)

*Sparafucile.*

A storm in the distance is arising;  
Darker the night is becoming.

*Duke.*

Maddelene!

(Attempting to take hold of her.)

*Maddelene.*

Desist—my brother comes.

(Repelling him.)

*Duke.*

Well, what matters his coming?

(Thunder.)

*Maddelene.*

It thunders.

(Enter SPARAFUCILE.)

*Sparafucile.*

And rain is coming.

*Duke.*

So much the better;  
I will lodge here—in the stable you may sleep—

Or in the regions below—or where you please.

*Sparafucile.*

Thank you.

*Maddelene.* (Aside to the DUKE.)

(Ah, no—depart.)

*Duke*

(to MADDELENE.)

In such weather as this?

*Sparafucile*

(to MADDELENE.)

Twenty crowns of gold, remember.

Signor,

To offer you my room I shall be happy:

At once I'll show you to it, if you please.

(He takes a light, and goes toward the staircase.)

*Sparafucile.*

Non cale,

A gettarlo nel fiume basto io solo.

*Rigoletto.*

No, no,—il vo' far io stesso.

*Sparafucile.*

Sia—il suo nome?

*Rigoletto.*

Vuoi saper anco il mio?

Egli è *Delitto*, *Punizion* son io.

(Parte—Il cielo ci oscura e tuona.)

*Sparafucile.*

La tempesta è vicinia.

Più scura fia la notte.

*Duca.*

Maddalena!

(Per prenderla.)

*Maddalena.*

Aspettate—mio fratello viene.

(Sfuggendogli.)

*Duca.*

Che importa?

(S' ode il tuona.)

*Maddalena.*

Tuona.

(Entra SPARAFUCILE.)

*Sparafucile.*

E pioverà tra poco.

*Duca.*

Tanto meglio.

Io qui mi tratterrò—tu dormirai

In scuderia—all' inferno—ove vorrai.

*Sparafucile.*

Grazie.

*Maddalena.* (Piano al DUCA.)

(Ah, no—partite.)

*Duca*

(a MADDALENA.)

(Con tal tempo?)

*Sparafucile* (piano a MADDALENA.)

Son venti scudi d'ore.

Ben felice. (Al DUCA.)

D' offrivi la mia stanza—se a voi piace

Tosto a vederla andiamo.

(Prende una lume, e s' avvia per la scala.)

*Duke.*

With all my heart—be quick, let me see it.  
(Whispers to MADDELENE, and follows SPARAFUCILE.)

*Maddelene.*

(Poor young man! so much, too, the gentle-  
man!

O God!—what a fearful night is coming!)  
(Thunder.)

*Duke*

(observing that the window has no shutters).

If here you sleep, plenty of air you get.

Well, good night!

*Sparafucile.*

May God protect you, signor.

*Duke.*

Quickly I shall be asleep, so weary am I.

(He lays down his hat and sword, throws himself on the bed, and in a short time falls asleep. MADDELENE, below, stands by the table. SPARAFUCILE finishes the contents of the bottle left by the DUKE. Both remain silent for awhile, and apparently in deep thought.)

*Maddelene.*

What pleasing manners the young man has!

*Sparafucile.*

Oh, truly; but twenty crowns I'm to have.

*Maddelene.*

Only twenty! too little! much more he's  
worth!

*Sparafucile.*

Go—and, if he sleeps, his sword bring  
hither.

*Maddelene*

(ascending, and contemplating him while sleeping).

It is a sin to kill so nice a youth!

(She takes up the DUKE's sword, and begins to descend.)

(Enter GILDA, approaching by the passage, in the attire of a youth, with whip and spurs; she advances slowly towards the house; SPARAFUCILE continues drinking. It lightens and thunders.)

*Gilda.*

Ah! my reason seems quite to desert me!

Love overcomes me! O father, pardon!

(Thunder.)

What a night of horrors! How will it end?

*Maddelene.*

Brother!

(Having descended, she deposits the DUKE's sword on the table.)

*Gilda.*

Who speaks?

(Looking through the crevices.)

*Duca.*

Ebben sono con te—presto, vediamo.

(Dice una parola all' orecchio di MADDALENA e segue SPARAFUCILE.)

*Maddalena.*

(Povero giovin!—grazioso tanto!

Dio!—qual mai notte è questa!)

(Tuona.)

*Duca*

(vedendone il balcone senza imposte).

Si dorme all' aria aperta? bene, bene—

Buona notte.

*Sparafucile.*

Signor, vi guardi Iddio.

*Duca.*

Breve sonno dormiam—stanco son io.

(Depone il capello, la spada, e si stende, sul letto, dove in breve addormentasi. MADDALENA frattanto siede presso la tavola. SPARAFUCILE beve dalla bottiglia lasciata dal DUCA—Rimangono ambedue taciturni per qualche istante, e preoccupati da gravi pensieri.)

*Maddalena.*

E amabile invero cotal giovinotto.

*Sparafucile.*

Oh sì—venti scudi ne dà di prodotto.

*Maddalena.*

Sol venti!—son pochi—valeva di più.

*Sparafucile.*

La spada, s' ei dorme, va, portami giù.

*Maddalena*

(sale, e contemplando il dormente).

Peccato! è pur bello!

(Prende la spada del DUCA, e scende.)

(Entra GILDA, che compare nel fondo della via in costume virile, con stivali e speroni, e lentamente si avvanza verso l' osteria, mentre SPARAFUCILE continua a bere. Spessi lampi e tuoni.)

*Gilda.*

Ah, più non ragiono!

Amor mi trascina!—mio padre, perdono!

(Tuona.)

Qual notte d' orrore! Gran Dio, che accadrà.

*Maddalena.*

Fratello!

(Sara discesa, ed avrà posata la spada del Duca sulla tavola.)

*Gilda.*

Chi parla?

(Osserva pella fessura.)



*Sparafucile.*

To the devil be gone!

(Seeking something in a cupboard.)

*Maddelene.*

Handsome as an Apollo is this youth—

I love him—he loves me—so slay him not.

*Gilda.*

Oh, heavens! (Listening.)

*Sparafucile.*

Mend the holes in that sack.

*Maddelene.*

Why?

*Sparafucile.*

Thy beautiful Apollo I must kill,  
And into the river cast.

*Gilda.*

O hellhound!

*Maddelene.*

The promised money you may yet obtain  
And spare his life.

*Sparafucile.*

I think that difficult.

*Maddelene.*

Listen, and hear how easy my project.  
Ten crowns already from the hunchback  
Thou hast received. In a little time  
Hither with the other ten he will come;  
Kill him, and then the twenty thou wilt  
have.

*Sparafucile.*

Kill the hunchback! What dost thou suggest?

For a thief, or a swindler, do you take me?

Did I ever a client betray? No!

The man who pays me faithful ever finds  
me!

*Gilda.*

What do I hear? My father!

*Maddelene.*

Ah, mercy on him!

*Sparafucile.*

He must die!

*Maddelene.*

I'll give him a hint to fly.

(About to go.)

*Sparafucile.*

Al diavol ten va.

(Frugando in un credenzone.)

*Maddalena.*

Somiglia un Apollo quel giovine—io l'amo—

Ei m'ama—riposi—nè più l'uccidiamo.

*Gilda.*

Oh, cielo! (Ascoltando.)

*Sparafucile.*

Rattoppa puel sacco—

*Maddalena.*

Perche?

*Sparafucile.*

Entr' esso il tuo Apollo, sgozzato da me,  
Gettar dovro al fiume.

*Gilda.*

L'inferno qui vedo!

*Maddalena.*

Eppure il danaro salvarti scommetto,  
Serbandolo in vita.

*Sparafucile.*

Difficile il credo.

*Maddalena.*

M'ascolta—anzi facil ti svelo un progetto.  
De' scudi, già dieci dal gobbo ne avesti;  
Venire cogli altri più tardi il vedrai—  
Uccidilo, e venti allora ne avrai,  
Così tutto il prezzo goder si potrà.

*Sparafucile.*

Uccider quel gobbo!—che diavol dicesti!  
Un ladro son forse? Son forse un bandito?  
Qual altro cliente da me fu tradito?  
Mi paga quest' uomo—fedele m' avrà.

*Gilda.*

Che sento! mio padre!

*Maddalena.*

Ah, grazia per esso.

*Sparafucile.*

E d'uopo ch' ei muoia—

*Maddalena.*

Fuggire il fo adesso.

(Va per salire.)

*Gilda.*

O kind-hearted woman!

*Sparafucile.*

The reward we shall lose.

*Maddelene.*

That's true.

*Sparafucile.*

Let me do it.

*Maddelene.*

He must be saved.

*Sparafucile.*

Should any other before midnight arrive,  
Him I will slay instead of him now here.

*Maddelene.*

The night is dark, through the sky the  
thunder roars,  
No one at such a time this place will pass.

*Gilda.*

Oh, what a temptation—for th' ingrate to  
die!

And for thee, father! O heaven, guide me!

(The clock strikes the half-hour.)

*Sparafucile.*

There is still half an hour.

*Maddelene.*

Brother, wait.

(Weeping.)

*Gilda.*

What! that woman weep, and I not help  
him!

Ah! although to my love truthless he be,  
My life for his shall be the sacrifice!

(Knocks at the door.)

*Maddelene.*

Who knocks?

*Sparafucile.*

'Tis the wind.

*Maddelene.*

Some one knocks, I'm sure.

*Sparafucile.*

It is strange.

*Maddelene.*

Who's there?

*Gilda.*

Have pity on a stranger;  
A lodging grant him for this bitter night.

*Gilda.*

Oh, buona figliuola!

*Sparafucile.*

Gli scudi perdiamo.

*Maddalena.*

E ver!

*Sparafucile.*

Lascia fare—

*Maddalena.*

Salvarlo dobbiamo.

*Sparafucile.*

Se pria ch' abbia il mezzo la notte toccato  
Alcuno qui giunga, per esso morrà.

*Maddalena.*

E buia la notte, il ciel troppo irato,  
Nessuno a quest' ora di qui passerà.

*Gilda.*

Oh, qual tentazione! morir per l'ingrato!  
Morire! e mio padre! Oh, cielo pietà!

(Battono le undici e mezzo.)

*Sparafucile.*

Ancor c' è mezz' ora.

*Maddalena.*

Attendi, fratello.

(Piangendo.)

*Gilda.*

Che! piange tal donna! Nè a lui darò aita!  
Ah, s' egli al mio amore divenne rubello  
Io vo' per la sua gettar la mia vita.

(Picchia alla porta.)

*Maddalena.*

Si picchia?

*Sparafucile.*

Fu il vento—

*Maddalena.*

Si picchia, ti dico.

*Sparafucile.*

E strano!

*Maddalena.*

Chi è?

*Gilda.*

Pietà d'un mendico;  
Asil per la notte a lui concedete.



*Maddelene.*

A long night 'twill be for him!

*Sparafucile.*

Wait awhile.

(He searches the cupboard for something.)

*Gilda.*

Ah! so near to death, and yet so young!

Oh! for these wretches God's pardon I ask;

Forgive, O father, thine unhappy child!

And happy live the man I die to save!

*Maddelene.*

Now hasten, quick, the fatal deed enact;

To save one life another I yield up.

*Sparafucile.*

Well, I am ready the issue to abide,

I care not so that the reward I get.

(He goes behind the doorway with a dagger. MADDELENE opens the door, and then runs forward, to close that in front. GILDA enters and SPARAFUCILE closes the door. All the rest is buried in silence and darkness.)

(Enter RIGOLETTO, enveloped in a cloak; he advances from the road to the front of the scene. The violence of the storm has abated, the lightning and thunder still continuing occasionally.)

*Rigoletto.*

At last the hour of my revenge is nigh;

Full thirty days and nights for this I've waited,

My soul with tears of blood consuming,

Under the guise of a buffoon. That door

(Examining the house.)

Is shut! 'Tis not yet the hour—I must wait.

What a night of foul mystery is this!

The heavens in a tempest,

On the earth a homicide!

Oh, how truly great do I now feel!

'Tis midnight!

(The clock strikes twelve.)

(Enter SPARAFUCILE, from the house.)

*Sparafucile.*

Who is there?

*Rigoletto.*

It is I.

(About to enter.)

*Sparafucile.*

Wait where you are.

(Re-enters the house, and returns, dragging a sack.)

Your man is here disposed of.

*Rigoletto.*

O joy—a light!

*Maddalena.*

Fia lunga tal notte!

*Sparafucile.*

Alquanto attendete.

(Va a cercare nel credenzone.)

*Gilda.*

Ah, presso alla morte, sì giovane, sono!

Oh cielo, pegli empì ti chiedo perdono.

Perdona tu, o padre, a questa infelice!

Sia l' uomo felice—ch' or vado a salvar.

*Maddalena.*

Su, spicciati, presto, fa l'opra compita;

Anelo una vita—con altra salvar.

*Sparafucile.*

Ebbene—son pronto, quell' uscio dischiudi;

Piucch' altro li scudi—mì preme salvar.

(Va a postarsi con un pugnale dietro la porta. MADDALENA apre, poi corre a chiudere la grande arcata di fronte. Mentre entra GILDA, dietro a cui SPARAFUCILE chiude la porta, e tutto resta sepolto nel silenzio e nel buoi.)

(Entra RIGOLETTO, solo, si avvanza dal fondo della scena chiuso nel suo mantello. La violenza del temporale è diminuita, nè più si vede e sente che qualche lampo e tuono.)

*Rigoletto.*

Della vendetta olfin giunge l'istante!

Da trenta di l'aspetto

Di vivo sangue a lagrime piangendo

Sotto la larva del buffon—Quest' uscio!

(Esaminando la casa.)

E chiuso! Ah, non è tempo ancor! S'attenda.

Qual notte di mistero!

Una tempesta in cielo!

In terra un omicidio!

Oh, come invero qui grande mi sento!

Mezza notte!

(Suona mezza notte.)

(Entra SPARAFUCILE, dalla casa.)

*Sparafucile.*

Chi è là?

*Rigoletto.*

Son io.

(Per entrare.)

*Sparafucile.*

Sostate.

(Rientra, e torna, trascinando un sacco.)

E qui spento il vostr' uomo—

*Rigoletto.*

Oh, gioja! un lume!

*Sparafucile.*

A light? No—first the money.

(RIGOLETTO hands him a purse.)

*Sparafucile.*

Let us into the river cast him.

*Rigoletto.*

No! alone I'll do it.

*Sparafucile.*

As you please; but this place is not the best;

Higher up, the stream is deeper. Be quick,  
That no one may observe you. Good night.

(He re-enters the house.)

*Rigoletto.*

Here he is!—dead. I should like to see him!

But what matters? 'Tis done! Here are his spurs.

Now will the world again look well with me!

Here is the buffoon, and here his master!

At my feet he lies. It is he! It is he!

Now hath my grief its just revenge attained!

In the sea shall be his sepulchre,

This sack his winding-sheet!

(He tries to drag the sack towards the river, when he is surprised at hearing the voice of the DUKE, who passes along the background.)

What voice is that! Or is it an illusion?

No! no! it is he! it is he himself!

(Greatly alarmed.)

The Malediction! Oh, there! demon of hell!

(Nearing the house with the sack.)

But who, instead of him, can be in the sack!

(Tearing open the sack.)

I tremble. It is a human body!

(Lightning.)

My daughter! O God, my daughter!

Ah, no! it is impossible;

Towards Verona she journeyeth;

A dreadful vision this must be.

(Kneeling down.)

O my Gilda! Tell me who this has done?

The assassin to me reveal! Ho! who's here?

(Knocking violently at the door.)

No one! Oh, my daughter!

*Sparafucile.*

Un lume? No, il danaro.

(RIGOLETTO gli dà una borsa.)

*Sparafucile.*

Lesti all' onda il gettiam—

*Rigoletto.*

No—basto io solo.

*Sparafucile.*

Come pi piace—Qui men atto è il sito—

Più avanti è più profondo il gorgo—Presto  
Che alcun non vi sorprenda—Buono notte.

(Rientra in casa.)

*Rigoletto.*

Egli è là! morto! O sì—vorrei vederlo!

Ma che importa! è ben desso! Ecco i suoi sproni!

Ora mi guardo, o mondo—

Quest' è un buffone, ed un potente è questo!

Ei sta sotto a' miei piedi. E desso! E desso!

E giunta alfin la tua vendetta, o duolo!

Sia l'onda a lui sepolcro,

Un sacco il suo lenzuolo!

(Fa per trascinare il sacco verso la sponda, quando è sorpreso dalla lontana voce del DUCA, che nel fondo attraversa la scena.)

Qual voce! illusion notturna è questa!

No! no! egli è desso! è desso!

Maledizione! Olà—dimon bandito?

(Trasalendo verso la casa.)

Chi è mai, chi è qui in sua voce;

(Taglio il sacco.)

Io tremo—E umano corpo!

(Lampeggia.)

Mia figlia! Dio! mia figlia!

Ah no—è impossibil! per Verona è in via!

Fu vision! E dessa!

(Inginocchiandosi.)

Oh, mia Gilda! fanciulla a me rispondi!

L' assassino mi svela—Olà? Nessuno!

(Picchia disperatamente alla casa.)

Nessun! mia figlia—



*Gilda.*

Who calls on me?

*Rigoletto.*She speaks! she moves! she lives! Oh,  
heaven!

Ah! my only worldly solace,

Look on me; dost thou not know me?

*Gilda.*

Father!

*Rigoletto.*

Unveil this mystery! Art thou wounded?

*Gilda.*

The sword pierced me here.

(Points to her breast.)

*Rigoletto.*

Who was it stabbed you?

*Gilda.*

I have deceived you! I am guilty!

Too much I loved him—now I die for him!

*Rigoletto.*(O awful fate, by my hand hath she fallen,  
Of my righteous vengeance the sole victim.)

Angel dear, look on me, to me listen;

Speak, oh, speak to me, my darling daughter!

*Gilda.*

More I cannot say; pardon me and him!

O my father, bless your dying daughter.

*Gilda.*

Chi mi chiama?

*Rigoletto.*

Ella parla! si move! è viva! oh Dio!

Ah! mio ben solo in terra;

Mi guarda—mi conosci—

*Gilda.*

Ah, padre mio—

*Rigoletto.*

Qual mistero! che fu! sei tu ferita?

*Gilda.*

L'acciar qui mi piagò—

(Indicando il core.)

*Rigoletto.*

Chi t' ha colpita?

*Gilda.*

V' ho ingannata—colpevole fui;

L'amai troppo—ora muoio per lui!

*Rigoletto.*(Dio tremendo! ella stesso fu còlta  
Dallo stral di mia giusta vendetta!)

Angiol caro; mi guarda, m'ascolta.

Parla; parlami, figlia diletta!

*Gilda.*

Ah! ch'io tacchia! a me—a lui perdonate;

Benedite alla figlia, o mio padre.

## LASSU IN CIELO — IN HEAV'N ABOVE Duet (Rigoletto and Gilda)

**GILDA**



Las - sù in cie - lo, vi - ci - na al - la ma - dre, In e -  
In heav'n a - bove, at the side of my moth - er, There shall my

**RIGOLETTO**



ter - no per voi pre - ghe - rò. Non mo - - rir, mio te - so - ro — pie -  
pray'rs be up - lift - ed for thee! Ah! leave me not here a - lone, my on - ly



ta - te, Mi - a co - lom - ba, la - sciar - mi — non  
treas - ure, Part - ed from thee, ten - der dove, all dark will

GILDA

RIG.

Las - sù in cie - lo, vi - ci - na al - la  
In heav'n a - bove at the side of my -

dèi, no la - sciar - mi non dèi  
be. all dark. all dark will be!

ma - - dre In e - ter - no per voi pre - ghe -  
moth - - er, There shall my pray'rs be up - lift - ed for

Oh mia fi - glia!  
Oh, stay, dear child!

rò, Pre - ghe - rò, Per voi pre - ghe -  
thee! There I will pray, I will pray for

No, la - sciar - mi non dèi non mo - rir  
Ah, no, thou must not die! leave me not!

rò  
thee.

Set'in - vo - li - qui sol qui sol — ri - mar - rei, Non mo - ri - reo qui te - co — mor -  
Ah! do not leave me here a - lone, — my — child. Part - ed from thee, my child, all dark — will!



Non più A lui per-do - na-te, mio pa-dre, Ad-  
 And when I'm gone, give him par-don, my fa-ther! Then

ró!  
 be!

O mia fi - glia!  
 Oh! stay, my child!

o mia Gil-da!  
 Oh! my Gil-da!

no, la-sciar-mi non  
 Leave me not here a -

di - - o! las - sù in ciel, las - sù in  
 fare - - well! In heav'n a - bove, In heav'n a

dèi,  
 lonel

non mo - rir,  
 do not diel

ciel  
 bove,

Pre - ghe - rò,  
 There shall my pray'rs

per voi, pre - ghe -  
 be raised — for

No, la - sciar-mi non dèi,  
 Leave me' not here a - lonel

non mo - rir,  
 do not diel

RIG.

Gil-da! mia Gil-da! È mor - ta!  
 Gil-da! my Gil-da! All's dark, now!

Ah! la ma - le - di - zio - nel  
 Ah! yes, his curse is on — mel

(Falling and tearing his hair over the corpse of his daughter.)

(Strappendosi e capelli, cade sul cadavere della figlia.)

END OF THE OPERA.

# Standard Opera Librettos

All librettos have English text. Additional texts are indicated by Italic letters, as follows: *I*, Italian; *G*, German; *F*, French. Those marked with (\*) contain no music. All the others have the music of the principal airs.

PRICE, 30 CENTS EACH.

## A—G

Title	Text	Composer	Title	Text	Composer
<b>Africaine, L'</b>	<i>I.</i>	<i>Giacomo Meyerbeer</i>	<b>Don Giovanni</b>	<i>I.</i>	<i>W. A. Mozart</i>
<b>Aïda</b>	<i>I.</i>	<i>Giuseppe Verdi</i>	<b>Don Pasquale</b>	<i>I.</i>	<i>Gaetano Donizetti</i>
<b>Armide</b>	<i>F.</i>	<i>C. W. von Gluck</i>	<b>*Dorothy</b>		<i>Alfred Cellier</i>
<b>Ballo in Maschera, Un</b> (The Masked Ball)	<i>I.</i>	<i>Giuseppe Verdi</i>	<b>Dumb Girl of Portici,</b> <b>The (Masaniello)</b>	<i>I.</i>	<i>D. F. E. Auber</i>
<b>Barbe-Bleue</b> (Blue Beard)	<i>F.</i>	<i>Jacques Offenbach</i>	<b>Elisire d'amore, l'</b>	<i>I.</i>	<i>Gaetano Donizetti</i>
<b>Barbieri di Siviglia, Il</b> (Barber of Seville)	<i>I.</i>	<i>Gioacchino A. Rossini</i>	<b>*Erminie</b>	<i>I.</i>	<i>Edward Jakobowski</i>
<b>Bartered Bride</b>	<i>G.</i>	<i>Frederich Smetana</i>	<b>Ernani</b>	<i>I.</i>	<i>Giuseppe Verdi</i>
<b>Belle Hélène, La</b>	<i>F.</i>	<i>Jacques Offenbach</i>	<b>Etoile du Nord, L' (The</b> <b>Star of the North)</b>	<i>I.</i>	<i>Giacomo Meyerbeer</i>
<b>Bells of Corneville</b> (Chimes of Normandy)		<i>Robert Planquette</i>	<b>Fatinitza</b>		<i>Franz von Suppé</i>
<b>*Billee Taylor</b>		<i>Edward Solomon</i>	<b>Faust</b>	<i>F.</i>	<i>Charles Gounod</i>
<b>*Boccaccio</b>		<i>Franz von Suppé</i>	do.	<i>I.</i>	do.
<b>Bohemian Girl, The</b>		<i>Michael Wm. Balfe</i>	<b>Favorita, La</b>	<i>I.</i>	<i>Gaetano Donizetti</i>
do.	<i>I.</i>	do.	<b>Fidelio</b>	<i>G.</i>	<i>L. van Beethoven</i>
<b>Carmen</b>	<i>F.</i>	<i>Georges Bizet</i>	<b>Figlia del Reggimento,</b> <b>La (Daughter of the</b> <b>Regiment)</b>	<i>I.</i>	<i>Gaetano Donizetti</i>
do.	<i>I.</i>	do.	<b>Fille de Madame</b> <b>Angot, La</b>	<i>F.</i>	<i>Charles Lecocq</i>
<b>Cavalleria Rusticana</b>	<i>I.</i>	<i>Pietro Mascagni</i>	<b>Flauto Magico, Il</b> (The Magic Flute)	<i>I.</i>	<i>W. A. Mozart</i>
<b>Chimes of Normandy</b> (Bells of Corneville)		<i>Robert Planquette</i>	do.	<i>G.</i>	do.
<b>Cleopatra's Night</b>		<i>Henry Hadley</i>	<b>Fledermaus, Die</b> (The Bat)	<i>G.</i>	<i>Johann Strauss</i>
<b>Contes d'Hoffmann, Les</b> (Tales of Hoffmann)	<i>F.</i>	<i>Jacques Offenbach</i>	<b>Flying Dutchman, The</b>		<i>Richard Wagner</i>
<b>Crispino e la Comare</b> (The Cobbler and the Fairy)	<i>I.</i>	<i>Luigi and F. Ricci</i>	do.	<i>G.</i>	do.
<b>Crown Diamonds, The</b>	<i>F.</i>	<i>D. F. E. Auber</i>	<b>Fra Diavolo</b>	<i>I.</i>	<i>D. F. E. Auber</i>
<b>Dame Blanche, La</b>		<i>F. A. Boieldieu</i>	<b>Freischütz, Der</b>	<i>G.</i>	<i>Carl Maria von Weber</i>
<b>Damnation of Faust,</b> <b>The</b>	<i>F.</i>	<i>Hector Berlioz</i>	do.	<i>I.</i>	do.
<b>Dinorah</b>	<i>I.</i>	<i>Giacomo Meyerbeer</i>	<b>*Gillette (La Belle</b> <b>Coquette)</b>		<i>Edmond Audran</i>
<b>*Doctor of Alcantara,</b> <b>The</b>		<i>Julius Eichberg</i>	<b>Gioconda, La</b>	<i>I.</i>	<i>Amilcare Ponchielli</i>
			<b>Giroflé-Girofla</b>	<i>F.</i>	<i>Charles Lecocq</i>
			<b>Götterdämmerung, Die</b>	<i>G.</i>	<i>Richard Wagner</i>

OLIVER DITSON COMPANY



# Standard Opera Librettos

All librettos have English text. Additional texts are indicated by *Italic* letters, as follows: *I*, Italian; *G*, German; *F*, French. Those marked with (\*) contain no music. All the others have the music of the principal airs.

PRICE, 30 CENTS EACH,

## G—Z

Title	Text	Composer	Title	Text	Composer
Grand Duchess of Gerolstein, The	<i>F.</i>	Jacques Offenbach	Otello	<i>I.</i>	Giuseppe Verdi
*Hamlet		Ambroise Thomas	Pagliacci, I	<i>I.</i>	R. Leoncavallo
Jewess, The	<i>L.</i>	Jacques F. Halévy	Parsifal	<i>G.</i>	Richard Wagner
Königin von Saba (Queen of Sheba)	<i>G.</i>	Karl Goldmark	Pinafore (H. M. S.)		Sir Arthur S. Sullivan
Lakmé	<i>I.</i>	Léo Delibes	Prophète, Le	<i>I.</i>	Giacomo Meyerbeer
Lily of Killarney, The		Sir Jules Benedict	Puritani, I	<i>I.</i>	Vincenzo Bellini
Linda di Chamounix	<i>I.</i>	Gaetano Donizetti	Rheingold, Das (The Rhinegold)	<i>G.</i>	Richard Wagner
Lohengrin	<i>G.</i>	Richard Wagner	Rigoletto	<i>I.</i>	Giuseppe Verdi
do.	<i>I.</i>	do.	Robert le Diable	<i>I.</i>	Giacomo Meyerbeer
*Lovely Galatea, The		Franz von Suppé	Roméo et Julietta	<i>F.</i>	Charles Gounod
Lucia di Lammermoor	<i>I.</i>	Gaetano Donizetti	Romeo e Giulietta	<i>I.</i>	do.
Lucrezia Borgia	<i>I.</i>	do.	Ruddigore		Sir Arthur S. Sullivan
*Madame Favart		Jacques Offenbach	Samson et Dalila	<i>F.</i>	Camille Saint-Saëns
Manon	<i>F.</i>	Jules Massenet	Semiramide	<i>I.</i>	Gioacchino A. Rossini
Maritana		Wm. Vincent Wallace	Siegfried	<i>G.</i>	Richard Wagner
Marriage of Figaro	<i>I.</i>	W. A. Mozart	Sonnambula, La	<i>I.</i>	Vincenzo Bellini
Martha	<i>I.</i>	Friedrich von Flotow	*Sorcerer, The		Sir Arthur S. Sullivan
Masaniello (Dumb Girl of Portici)	<i>I.</i>	D. F. E. Auber	*Spectre Knight, The		Alfred Cellier
*Mascot, The		Edmond Audran	*Stradella		Friedrich von Flotow
Masked Ball	<i>I.</i>	Giuseppe Verdi	Tannhäuser	<i>G.</i>	Richard Wagner
Meistersinger, Die (The Mastersingers)	<i>G.</i>	Richard Wagner	Traviata, La	<i>I.</i>	Giuseppe Verdi
Mefistofele	<i>I.</i>	Arrigo Boito	Tristan und Isolde	<i>G.</i>	Richard Wagner
Merry Wives of Windsor, The		Otto Nicolai	Trovatore, Il	<i>I.</i>	Giuseppe Verdi
Mignon	<i>I.</i>	Ambroise Thomas	Ugonotti, Gli (The Huguenots)	<i>I.</i>	Giacomo Meyerbeer
Mikado, The		Sir Arthur S. Sullivan	Verkaufte Braut, Die (The Bartered Bride)	<i>G.</i>	Friedrich Smetana
*Nanon		Richard Genée	Walküre, Die	<i>G.</i>	Richard Wagner
Norma	<i>I.</i>	Vincenzo Bellini	William Tell	<i>I.</i>	Gioacchino A. Rossini
*Olivette		Edmond Audran	Zauberflöte, Die (The Magic Flute)	<i>G.</i>	W. A. Mozart
Orpheus		C. W. von Gluck			

OLIVER DITSON COMPANY



# SONGS FROM THE OPERAS



EDITED BY H. E. KREHBIEL



*Bound in paper, cloth back, \$2.50 each,  
In full cloth, gilt . . . 3.50 each,*

IN these volumes of *The Musicians Library* the editor has presented in chronological order the most famous arias from operas of every school. Beginning with songs from the earliest Italian productions, a comprehensive view of operatic development is given by well-chosen examples from German, French, and later Italian works, down to contemporary musical drama.

Each song or aria is given in its original key with the original text, and a faithful and singable English translation.

Each volume contains an interesting preface by Mr. Krehbiel, with historic, de-

scriptive, and interpretative notes on each song.

Portraits of the most noted composers represented are given in each volume.

Size of each volume, 9½ x 12½ inches.

## SOPRANO SONGS FROM THE OPERAS

Contains twenty-three numbers by nineteen composers. The music covers 188 pages, the prefatory matter 25 pages. Portraits are given of Beethoven, Bellini, Gluck, Gounod, Meyerbeer, Mozart, Rossini, Verdi, and Weber.

## MEZZO SOPRANO SONGS FROM THE OPERAS

Contains thirty numbers by twenty-five composers. The music covers 186 pages, the prefatory matter 29 pages. Portraits are given of Auber, Bizet, Donizetti, Handel, Massenet, Saint-Saëns, Spontini, Thomas, and Wagner.

## ALTO SONGS FROM THE OPERAS

Contains twenty-nine numbers by twenty-two composers. The music covers 176 pages, the prefatory matter 20 pages. Portraits are given of Glinka, Gluck, Handel, Lully, Meyerbeer, Purcell, Rossini, Thomas, and Verdi.

## TENOR SONGS FROM THE OPERAS

Contains twenty-nine numbers by twenty-one composers. The music covers 192 pages, the prefatory matter 27 pages. Portraits are given of Beethoven, Bizet, Gluck, Gounod, Mascagni, Massenet, Verdi, Wagner, and Weber.

## BARITONE AND BASS SONGS FROM THE OPERAS

Contains twenty-seven numbers by twenty-four composers. The music covers 188 pages, the prefatory matter 20 pages. Portraits are given of Bellini, Bizet, Cherubini, Gounod, Halévy, Handel, Mozart, Ponchielli, and Tchaïkovsky.

OLIVER DITSON COMPANY

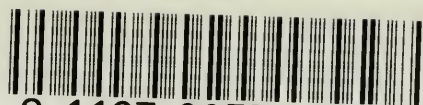




# DATE DUE

OCT 17 1992		
OCT 19 1992		
NOV 21 1993		
NOV 21 1993		
APR 07 1994		
APR 06 1994		
MAY 18 1996		
MAY 25 1996		
JUN 08 1996		
JUN 15 1996		
JUN 20 1996		
JUN 20 1996		





3 1197 00551 9209

8

